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The Death Valley Chuck-Walla

A MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Volume 1, Number 1.
Greenwater, California
January the 1st, 1907.

Published on the desert at the brink of Death Valley. Mixing the dope, cool from the mountains and hot from the desert, and withal putting out a concoction with which you can do as you damn please as soon as you have paid for it. ❀ ❀ ❀ **PRICE. TEN CENTS**

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THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

Vol. 1., No. 1.

Greenwater, California

January 1, 1907

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God made the seashore for the idler and the fisherman;
God made the desert for those who have the grit;
And the man who likes it broilin'
And takes his part o' toilin'
Is classified as thoroughbred—he's the one who makes the hit.

God makes the diamond for the ballroom and the limelight;
God gave his free gold to lend the gem a tone;
But the man who finds the treasure
Has a damn sight keener pleasure
In his desert plain and starlight, than—the man who wears
[the stone.

(*Apologies to Gelett Burgess*)

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

The Chuck-Walla Speaks

The Chuck-Walla is born of the desert, where the mountains dip into Death Valley; where vegetation ceases to grow; where the land is made of sand and borax the Chuck-Walla lives and flourishes. The heat-baked rocks of the Funeral range, the ledges of ore and malapi, the sagebrush and greasewood all contribute to its existence. Among these elements the Chuck-Walla is at home. It is a part of the desert, always has been and will continue to be while the rocks last and the sun shines.

This is a tip on the 'low down. Don't be an Indian. Don't try to dislodge the animal. A pull and a copper wire won't do the work. The Chuck-Walla has a purpose. It may seem that its chief business in life is to bask in the sun, catching flies the while, or scratching a hole in the sand to expose a new vein of copper. If so, that's the Chuck-Walla's concern just so it catches the flies successfully and scratches with energy at the hidden lodes.

Like other creatures of the desert the Chuck-Walla is guided entirely by instinct. It does what it lists and what to it seems right, making no apologies, giving no accounting, except to its Creator, never lifting its tail to wave as a signal of distress. It fights its own battles in its own way. It is no hypocrite. It may amuse the initiated and startle the uninitiated, but once it has taken its stand it cannot be changed. The size, power or dignity of its tormentor will carry no weight. If necessary, the Chuck-Walla will bite, and this bite is not pleasant. But withal

the Chuck-Walla loves to bask in the sun and live a life of peace. Watch it in its wallow, leave it unmolested, be amused by its weird and surprising antics, and let it go at that, if you are wise.



**The
Almighty's
Bank Roll**

The game on the desert is to make money. Get-rich-quick schemes find ready supporters, and their confidence is backed by a weight of precedent which makes the idea anything but visionary. Men have made fortunes mounting into the millions of dollars in a single day. Men are making fortunes at the same rate. Men will continue to make fortunes, and that in the desert, and with no less rapidity than in the past. There is no reason to believe that the mineral wealth of Nevada has all been discovered.

The copper deposits of Greenwater have been discovered and opened up within the last six months. The importance of the state in the mining world has been developed entirely within the last six years. At present there are only a few thousand mining men in the whole expanse of desert and mountain. Could these men discover, locate and open up in six years the wealth which is scattered over hundreds of thousands of square miles of country, unknown, impassable in many cases, without the best of facilities and surrounding the newcomer with the most terrible hardships? The answer to the question is evident. There are miles upon miles of the desert plain and mountain which have never been trod by man. These miles of undiscovered country contain the same wealth in the same environment as those which have already given wealth to the discoverers.

It is absurd to think that there are not fortunes still in

the country greater than any which have been found. Get busy. The game on the desert is to make money. It is here. Men with brains and brawn and a willingness to work can get it: They are doing so daily. There is no limit. Bet your stack against fortune. You are running the game and therefore the percentage is in your favor. You can buy chips in this game for a small consideration of time and energy, and you can cash them in for millions. Get busy. The house never loses, and if you start the game you run the house. Get the goods. There is a demand for all.

You can't break the dealer. God Almighty is holding the bank roll in the shape of the minerals which he placed in the desert. He won't break. There is no limit. The game on the desert is to make money. It is here. Get busy.



**Get Busy
or
Get Out**

If there were a pipe line to hell some of you fellows would be standing around taking what came out of the tap. Get off your foot! Put in your own pipe line and tap a more productive region. If you don't like what you are getting here, change your source of supply. If you're in wrong, get out and start over again. It's your own fault. Good men with brains and energy make money here, so your talk of hard luck hardly holds water.

Don't knock. There is nothing in the desert for a knocker. He is not wanted and will gain no sympathy. If you don't like it get out. You don't have to stay. No one is pleading with you to do so. If you are of that breed of pups you are not wanted. It's up to you. Stay and get busy and you will make good. If you can't get

busy get out and knock. You will find a more sympathetic audience on the outside waiting to hear your tale of woe. They are your breed. Get around a bar-room stove in some farming village and swap lies about what you would have done in the desert if luck hadn't been against you. That's where you belong. You will then be at least doing the good turn of scaring out the other dubs like you, who are afraid of the work and hardship which constitute the desert road to wealth, health and happiness.

The ancient philosophy of the survival of the fittest originated on the desert. Here is where men are bred. Those who have the making of men in them develop into the real thing. Desert sun and sand will smelt out the slag and leave the metal. Some men show a higher assay than others, and all are catalogued as soon as they hit the desert. Some are thrown out as worthless on the start. Others show their worthlessness after they have been working for a time. In others the pay streak widens and develops. These are the ones who make good. They are what makes the desert a place to live in. But it takes time to get the pure metal even from these. If you've got it in you the desert will bring it out. If you have not, the desert will show you up.

Therefore, don't knock. Get what you want and shut up or get out. It's up to you. Don't stand taking what that pipe line from hell brings you. No one likes it. The good men rustle for something better. It's up to you, only don't knock the country to which you came of your own volition and which you can't leave without question or tears on the part of those who remain behind to make good.



Yellow journalism gets little assistance from the desert. The men whose business is the furnishing of sensations are run out of town.

**A
Treasure at
Death Valley**

In Death Valley, wrapped in perpetual silence, are some of the men who discovered Greenwater, the land of copper. Theirs is a part of the story that should be told here—the story of the finding of this land, where mountains are made of copper—but

Death Valley is a mysterious, silent place, that guards its secrets and its riches well. And there, if one could seek, might be found the men who first trod the Funeral mountains in quest of hidden lodes, and who in time were lured by the very mystery of the place to their graves on the western slope of these hills. Now even the names of these pioneer prospectors have slipped into oblivion, while the wealth which they sought and probably found, was left for those who followed.

Death by starvation, by thirst or from the desert heat have no fear for the man who seeks the wealth which nature has stored in her mountain and desert fastnesses. Where prospectors have gone and perished others follow. For thirty years men of this metal have walked over the Amargosa desert, followed the river to its sink in Death Valley, and from time to time located the copper deposit in the Funeral mountains. Those who returned from these ventures brought with them the story of their find and sometimes samples of the red oxide ore with the green copper glaze. Thus years slipped by and still the great copper lodes in the Funeral range were left undisturbed by the miner's pick. The stories of these riches took on the shimmering hue of a myth, and in time people believed only a very little about this wealth of copper. Thus this deposit might have lain for years to come, had not one prospector, with an imagination and with superb confidence heard the story of Funeral range copper. With

this man properly begins the history of Greenwater, and to him almost entirely the world owes the discovery of this mass of copper wealth.



Finding Greenwater

The mineral deposits at Greenwater became quite generally known among prospectors about three years ago. Tonopah was then a thriving mining camp and Goldfield had been found. Men began to look farther south for new mineral lodes, and some knowing of the existence of the copper ore in the Funeral mountains came down to locate ground. Greenwater had then taken its name from the spring which supplied a meagre amount of water daily to those who had ventured across the Amargosa desert. But the bold men who did dare to brave the hardships of the desert found to their chagrin that it was one thing to find a mineral deposit and quite another to secure capital for exploitation. Copper experts who were employed by the large copper mine owners declined to come to the Funeral mountains to expert the deposits said to lie there. Prospectors became discouraged and claims that had been staked were permitted to lapse again into the ownership of the government. It did not pay the prospectors to do the annual assessment work on ground that is now selling at fabulous prices.

Conditions at Greenwater remained in this state until Arthur Kunze became interested. He, too, was a prospector, and he, too, tramped over the Neyada desert from Tonopah to Greenwater, a distance of two hundred miles. Bullfrog had just been found when he came into the Funeral range for the first time, and he was compelled to go through the new sensational gold camp. But the

lure o' gold was not in him. The wealth of a copper mine beckoned him and he stayed in Bullfrog only long enough to secure provisions for the trip to Greenwater. Kunze followed where the trail of other prospectors led. He, too, staked out a group of claims, and in time returned to Tonopah to sell his find. The same difficulties confronted him which others had been unable to surmount. Copper experts declined to make the journey or brave the hardships. Again it seemed that the work of the prospector should go for naught, but where others had given up in despair Kunze simply fell back upon his resources, which consisted entirely of a few friends, who were not copper experts, but trusted him, and upon a faith and an enthusiasm in the possibilities of his discovery. In time this faith and enthusiasm became contagious. Money was forthcoming to hold the claims already staked and to increase these holdings. Experts began to inquire about the ore and the assays and were astonished at the richness and the quantity of the copper-bearing oxides. Options for the claims were taken and fortunes offered if the reports made by Kunze were true. And they were. His faith and enthusiasm had won out. Last July was formed the first large company, The Greenwater Death Valley Mining Company, capitalized at three million dollars, and headed by Charles Schwab, whose manager, Donald B. Gillies, had selected the best claims in the Greenwater district. In a day the news of the organization of this company became known in the other mining camps, and the rush into Greenwater was on. Greenwater, the greatest copper field in the world, had become known to the world at last.



A town without an officer of the law can also be a town without a criminal. Witness Greenwater.

A Town On Wheels

Greenwater is on the move. This may be thought a peculiar state of affairs for a town to be in, but such is the case. The man who procured the drug which resulted in this extraordinary condition of affairs is known to the mining world as Harry Ramsey.

The physician who administered the tablet is known as the Greenwater Townsite Company. Now both druggist and physician are busily employed in administering to the needs of the patient, which is on the run as a result of their efforts. As yet no effort has been made to stop the peculiar condition of affairs, and it is probable that the result will be what was originally intended, namely, the transfer of the townsite from its original location on the slopes in the heart of the copper mines to the less valuable lands two miles away, near the open plain.

At present, however, the move is on, and the Townsite Company which arranged the affair is busily employed in transferring the dwellings and belongings of the original settlers at Greenwater, through the crooked canyons and over the ridges to the new location.

Meanwhile pandemonium reigns. Saloons and boarding houses, stores and brokerage firms are doing business on the run and trying to be on both sides of the mountain at one time. A barkeep puts down his case of bottles on a knoll en route from the old camp to the new and serves the passing throng laden with bedding and store fixtures. A shot of skee or a glass of lager lightens the load, and the burden is taken up to the next station. The butcher kills a cow en route and deals out steaks and roasts to the hungry multitude hurrying back to the old camp to get the necessities for the new. The grocer opens a case of coffee and a can of cream and catches the business going both ways. Those who remain in the old camp are walk-

ing two miles to the new to get the eggs for breakfast. Those who have journeyed to the new are walking two miles to the old to get their mail, and a pair of socks, which the travel has made necessary, but which the new town does not yet afford.

Through it all Jack Salsbury, Harry Ramsey and the Townsite Company smile. In the main, things are coming their way. Among other things the cuss words of the moving populace are making in their general direction, but through it all they smile blandly. Questions as to the cause of the change are referred to the anti-publicity committee, and picturesque and forceful language as to the advisability of the change is noted and filed for reference. It is costing the promoters money, but everything is costing money in Greenwater, and that is no hindrance. It is also making them money, but everything is making money in Greenwater, and that is expected. Many cuss, but few are sore. There are legitimate objections to the move, and there are also arguments in its favor. There is also a story attached.



Why Greenwater Moved

While the outside world is perhaps wondering *why* the town of Greenwater is trying to be so ubiquitous, nestling for a while in the canyon, where Arthur Kunze selected the site, and fluttering lightly over to Ramsey's wash as soon as Charly Schwab pointed his finger in that direction, and then for an indeterminate period hovering in mid-air, reluctant and hesitant as to the proper perch, many men and many factors are busily engaged in solving the destinies of the town. The outside world wonders and some of the people who came early to make Greenwater their home won-

der why this blithesome town does not settle somewhere and stay settled. It would seem where land is so plentiful, where areas are large enough for a kingdom, it surely must be an easy matter to find a suitable place for a town, but these are the conclusions of the unknowing, the uninitiated, those not familiar with the necessities and pecuniary interests that are involved in the building of a mining town.

Greenwater will be a large city. The men who are staking their money against the prospects of the copper mines in the Funeral range near Greenwater believe that in a few years the district will have a city as large as Butte, Montana. They are certain that Greenwater will be larger than any city in Nevada. They are planning for a city of many thousands instead of hundreds of inhabitants, and because of this they are reckoning with the conditions which the desolate mountains here present. The city must be near the mines which are being developed, but it must be so located that there is plenty of room for expansion. As a rule, mining camps, which later grow into small cities, are located in canyons, gulches, a mountain wash, or wherever the ore-bearing lodes happen to lie. Such towns have rarely room enough to expand into a city of any size. They do not need it, but the men who are building Greenwater have different plans. Their plans are for a city, and the confusion in the townsite has resulted from the different appreciation which various men have formed of the possibilities of the copper district.

The first and original location for a townsite was made by Arthur Kunze in the wash near the crest of the range and adjoining the mining claims which were purchased by Charles Schwab and his followers. As a mining camp this location was ideal. It was near the best properties, near the largest deposits of ore and sufficiently elevated

to secure the coolest climate during the hot summer months. Those interested with Kunze in this townsite and in the copper properties there abided by this selection for a townsite, all except Harry Ramsey, whose one ambition in life has been to have a mining town bearing his name. Ramsey purchased early the interests of Frank McAllister, one of the original locators of the Greenwater district, and located a townsite in the flat three miles below Greenwater proper. But his choice, despite the natural characteristics in its favor, found little favor from those entering the district until the railroad builders and the owners of the Schwab mine appeared at Greenwater. Schwab and Brock of the Greenwater Death Valley Copper Company quickly concluded that the city of Greenwater would be located more to the interest of their mine if at Ramsey, safely beyond the borders of their property, than at the location where they found it and where the city limits formed the railing for several of their shafts. Brock had learned at Tonopah that it is an expensive thing to have a city built on top of a company's mineral claims. He had no taste for a repetition of such conditions at Greenwater.

The railroad men, J. Ross Clark and Brock, during this same visit, concluded that it would be cheaper by several million dollars to build to Ramsey instead of climbing the grade to Greenwater, near the top of the range. Once these men concluded that Ramsey was a more desirable place for the city of Greenwater than the wash where Kunze had selected the townsite events happened quickly. John Salsberry, J. V. Stewart and Wallace and Nash were approached for a consolidation of towns. Kunze had sold his interests and the thing was done. It needed only the skillful efforts of John Salsberry to break as gently as possible the news to the inhabitants of Greenwater that they must take their houses and goods and

with them wander over the hills to Ramsey. This accomplished and the game was on. In a day Greenwater changed its altitude, pointed its streets in a new direction and continued merrily on its course to renown.



**Tom Lawson
Is Coming**

Tom Lawson is coming to Greenwater. The Chuck-Walla has this gladsome information straight from Lawson's latest novel, and those who have been wondering why the Copper King and literary genius from Boston has been so tardy in visiting the new land of copper need perturb themselves no more. We are told that he has his men on the Amargosa desert even now building a road to Greenwater, over which he can run his automo. It's a cinch that Tom is a game sport and has all other copper kings backed up against the Funeral range. When Tom makes his entry in Greenwater it will be a gala day for every lizard from Amargosa to Death Valley, for the most versatile of copper kings will come like a real king. His automo will be emblazoned with a coat of arms, while from every tent saloon along the way will dangle a piece of gaudy bunting. We hope when Tom crosses the Amargosa desert for the first time his trip will not be marred by some fickle freak of Death Valley weather, for the Chuck-Walla is hoping for much good from this visit and is therefore solicitous that Tom's impressions of this land be of the best.

The Chuck-Walla has learned another good piece of news about Tom. He has acquired, we are told on the low down, a controlling interest in the Saratoga mine and in the Red Boy group. This is good news. We don't know of anyone that we would rather see in control of these

properties, and since Tom could not get to Greenwater in time to get in on the ground floor for some of the good things picked up by Charles Schwab, Patsy Clark or August Heinze, it is nevertheless reassuring to learn that he got in as well as he did. We presume he might have done better had he been as impetuous as these copper pals of his; had he been less dignified and taken less trouble and time in building his own road. Had he been content to do like Schwab and ride over the stones and chuck-holes through Death Valley, there is no doubt at all that the man from Boston would have skimmed a little of the cream from Greenwater with the best of them, but it's every man to his taste and Tom wanted his own road to Greenwater before he attempted to reach that pearl of the desert. And now the ladies from Bullfrog to China Ranch are wondering whether Tom will be decorated with one of his famous carnations or wear in his belt a papiere machete scalp of the Standard oil bunch.



Judge Ray's Pipe Dream

In a big land big things are undertaken by big men. If you don't believe this, ask Judge L. O. Ray. If you can't or won't believe him, wait until his pipe line from Ash Meadows to Greenwater is completed and Greenwater, the driest place on earth, shall have an up-to-date water supply system. This is no pipe dream. The Judge has lived on the deserts of Nevada until he has acquired the sense of dryness, a sense that ordinary mortals know nothing of, but in the desert this sense guides men to water. It was this sense that guided the Judge to Ash Meadows, from where he will draw the water supply for Greenwater. He owns the ranch from

where this supply will flow, and he is backed in the piping project by men with unlimited capital. It's a pipe dream that is going through.

But it's a big undertaking, this piping of water from Ash Meadows to Greenwater. The distance is fifty miles. To accomplish the task the water from the level of the Amargosa river will be pumped into a reservoir near the top of Skeleton peak in the first range of the Funeral mountains. This peak towers high above the highest point in the copper district, and from this reservoir the water will have a sufficient pressure to carry a tremendous stream across the intervening desert and over the lower range of mountains that lie east of Greenwater. It may take years to do this work. It will be an engineering feat to lay this pipe line, but, too, will it be for all time a memorial to the men that promote this scheme, whose confidence in the new copper find at Greenwater is sufficient to induce them to part with more money than it would take to develop the largest mine in the district. It is such confidence as Judge Ray and his confreres exhibit in the building of this pipe line that is making a land of wealth of these desert plains and mountains.



The
Truth
That's All

One thing the Chuck-Walla wants distinctly understood. It is going to give the straight dope on mines and mining properties throughout Nevada and California. It will publish and keep a list of the wild-cats. Position on this list cannot be purchased for money. It will deal with the properties throughout the country, taking them one by one and giving the truth about their value, their prospects and their promoters. This is on the level. You can buy advertising space, but you can't buy the Chuck-Walla, so if you don't want the

truth known keep it down. These write-ups are to be a feature of the magazine, and when one appears you may know that it contains the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as it can be obtained.

In Greenwater the truth is for the most part good, and only a few of the speculators would be unwilling to have their properties or their plans exposed. There is copper ore of the highest grade to be found in quantities in many parts of the district. Much of it has already been found, and the shafts are sinking every day. Such men as Charles Schwab, W. A. Clark, Patsy Clark, August Heinze, Tom Lawson, and the Standard Oil magnates are not traveling across the desert for pleasure, and when they enter a region and put their money into a mine, they do so only after close consideration. Whatever may be the attitude of the public toward such men, it is generally conceded that they know their business, and when they have their money in a proposition it is pretty apt to be a successful one. These men have invested in Greenwater properties; in fact, are the largest owners, and already they are sinking shafts, building railroads and expending hundreds of thousands of dollars in the district. All this, and more, they expect to get back from the mines of Greenwater, which they are opening at such great expense. So much for the resources of Greenwater. You have the expert opinion of these kings of the mining world that Greenwater is what it says it is, and their opinion is backed by their millions.

Schwab has purchased the largest interest in the Greenwater-Death Valley Copper Mining Company, the company with the richest and largest holdings yet discovered. Five shafts have already been started on their properties in Greenwater. Nearly one hundred men are already employed on these properties, and five gasoline hoists with necessary machinery and appli-

ances have been installed. All this is being done at tremendous expense, as the mines are at present fifty miles across the desert from the nearest railroad station, and wages and living expenses for the men are at fabulous heights. A little thought will convince the most skeptical that all this means that there is something doing here.

Patsy Clark of the Furnace Creek Copper Company has one shaft down more than 300 feet, and others on his property well under way. The Saratoga and Red Boy groups, in which Tom Lawson is interested, are spending money and forcing the development as rapidly as men and machinery will allow. The South-Greenwater Company is sinking shafts and sparing no money or effort in the development of their properties. Henry Knight has shafts down on his holdings and is employing a large gang of men and purchasing expensive machinery. Other companies, too numerous to mention, and other capitalists; who have been noted for their keenness and discernment, are placing their money and their energy into the Greenwater mines, and already results are showing. All this has weight, and shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that there is something good doing at Greenwater.

There is also something not so good. In every new mining district and mining camp there are wildcat promoters who retard the game, steal money for themselves, lose it for their investors, and give a general setback to the interests of the community. Greenwater has these. They have not as yet made themselves conspicuous, as there has been no opportunity. It's a cinch, however, that there are properties staked out in the Greenwater district which are as worthless as the stone monuments used to mark them. Relying on the reputation which the real Greenwater has obtained through right, speculators and prospectors have staked the Funeral range for fifty miles

north and south of Greenwater. Some of these claims are good. If that were a possibility, the gold and diamonds of the universe could not buy the Greenwater copper. Think of a mine 100 miles long by fifty miles wide, and as deep as the earth. Of course it is impossible. In it, however, lies the opportunity of the wildcat promoter. Relying on the reputation of the mines already opened and the name of the district, he may form the wildcat company to fleece the public by getting money to develop a worthless sand heap. Such wildcat promoters are sure to come. They hang about every mining camp as buzzards about a carrion, living on what is cast off by others, and despoiling that which they cannot obtain. In the wide canyons and great peaks of the Funeral mountains is deposited many millions of dollars in copper ore. This will be mined and contribute to the good of the community. The sand heaps will be promoted by wildcat men to the hindrance of the others.

Don't believe everything you hear about Greenwater. Some of it is true and some of it is not. One thing is certain. There is enough that's good to pay for your investigation. This has already been proved.



**Seeking
The
Mother Lode**

The Mohawk of Greenwater is a name that local mining men are using when they speak of a series of gigantic Andesite dykes that have a beginning in the two Gold Crown claims belonging to the Schwab mine and extending in a southeasterly direction. These dykes cut through the Red Boy claims, the Saratoga claims and the property of the Greenwater Copper Mining Company. Across a flat two miles wide these great

dykes reappear again on the property of the Greenwater Consolidated, owned by the Schwab interests.

In the flat between these Andesite dykes is lying what is believed to be the treasure chest of the Funeral range. Here diamond drills have been set to work by the Greenwater Brokerage Company, and the search for the Mohawk of Greenwater has been commenced. Local mining men, men who know the copper deposits in the Funeral range like a book, have taken an interest in this search for the mother lode. That there is such a lode of copper ore in the Funeral range is the firm belief of every prospector, and from indication it would appear that these Andesite dykes mark the course which it follows. If this be so the proper place to look for it is in this flat, and if it exists the men who are now looking for it will be sure to disclose it. They have nerve, they have capital and they employ brains in the use of both.



**The
Town of
Furnace**

The vast extent of the copper deposits in the Funeral range has produced a strange condition of affairs, out of which is growing the town of Furnace, a sister city to Greenwater, and located four miles to the north.

The new city is justified in its existence and, with that justification behind it, is going merrily along, building stores, restaurants, hotels and business houses, grading streets and doing such a business as any other thriving mining camp with a future before it. The justification and underlying reason for such a condition of affairs is primarily the vastness of the copper deposits of the Greenwater district.

Trolley cars and five-cent fares are not yet a part of the

desert attractions, and miners cannot walk the weary miles from town to shaft and home again each day. The copper of the Greenwater district is scattered for many miles, and the men whose interests are centered therein are employed throughout the same wide territory. It is imperative that they should be within reasonable distance of their points of business interest. With an appreciation of this fact the town of Furnace was started and is already giving evidence of the good judgment of its promoters by booming along at a rate which satisfies the most urgent. The great Patsy Clark properties, among the finest in the Greenwater district, are the basis for the town. The many other companies whose valuable holdings are in the same vicinity are adding to the stability and strength of the new city. The vast deposits which are now known on the Death Valley side hold out a still greater promise for its future, for it is to Furnace that these owners will look for headquarters.

Properties equal to any in the district surround the town. Prospects of even greater promise border it, and a wider reach of territory still will be dependent upon its aid and will pay a fitting recompense in business and support. Some wonderful discoveries have recently been made on the Death Valley slope from five to ten miles northwest of Furnace, and to gain the advantages of connection with this territory the townsite company is planning a road at a cost of thousands of dollars to lead into Death Valley and tap the mining properties, thus concentrating the business of that district at Furnace.

A postoffice has been applied for, and the postal department has requested full information as to routes and population, preparatory to granting the application. Stage lines from Amargosa and the end of the Borax Smith road are connecting with the town daily.

Furnace is a town without a doubt. It is a town to

be reckoned with in the development of the district. It has good men and good companies behind it, and contributing to its support. Many of these are already working. Among them are Furnace Creek Copper Co., Furnace Creek Extension Co., Furnace Creek South Extension Co., Montana-Furnace Creek Co., Copper Oxide Co., Copper Sulphide Co., Clark Copper Co., Kempland Copper Co., Furnace Valley Co., Greenwater-Calumet Co., Butte-Furnace Range and a number of others.



**Squatters
At
Greenwater**

The squatter in a mining camp is about as welcome as a flea in Milady's chamber. In Goldfield the squatter has earned a reputation. In Bullfrog and Rhyolite this peculiar composition of nerve and callous found temporary fame. Now he has come to Greenwater, the city of many sites, the town on wheels—Greenwater, the restless virgin of the Funeral range. The first specimens of this parasite appeared in the copper city on Sunday, December 16, and he abides still much to the disquietude of those holding vacant town lots and to the disgust of the Townsite Company.

In Goldfield the squatter claimed an excuse for taking lots that had been purchased by others on the ground that the titles were not valid. In that case he argued that someone else would claim the lot if he did not. He reasoned facetiously that the lots were sure to be stolen and therefore he was the proper person to do this little distasteful duty. In this he was, in a measure, upheld by the courts of the state of Nevada, so what the 'ell was anyone else going to do. If a man had a lot he was compelled to

put a padlock on it, fence it 'round with barbed wire or keep a chained bull pup where the intruder was likely to step.

In Greenwater the squatter has been lured by the restlessness of the town and its propensity to move. When it was finally decided by the powers that the town should be on the Ramsey site instead of the Kunze site, it necessitated the approval of the new Board of County Commissioners that meets at Independence in the middle of January. In the meantime the title of the lots which the townsite company had ordered surveyed and staked out were in statu quo. No one owned them. The townsite company claimed them but would not sell because no deeds could be given with the sale. In this state of affairs the squatters saw their opportunity.

One fine Sunday afternoon, while the townsite people were quietly planning their plans and counting their gains which would accrue from the sale of lots in the new Greenwater, two men with a burro sauntered along the main street of the town until they came to a choice corner in the heart of the business section. This corner was held at a fancy figure. It was bid for at sums ranging from \$2,000 to \$3,000, but this was all Greek to the two men with the burro. The corner looked good to the men, and even the burro evinced some intelligence by stopping of his own volition and nibbling the greasewood. On his back was a grub outfit and a tent. The men took a calm survey of the street ahead of them and of the part which they had already left behind. There seemed apparent no reason why they should go any further or drive their animal another step. There was no such reason. The lot on which they had inadvertently stopped was as good a one as they were likely to find. Without any particular show of interest or concern, they forthwith unpacked the burro and began to pitch their tent.

Squatters have an abundance of stubbornness in their makeup. It's one of the characteristics of their stock in trade. Dr. H. G. Ford, townsite agent, and H. B. Gee, cashier of the bank, paid the two men a call before the tent was well up, and there followed a colloquy which resulted in nothing of interest. The squatters stayed. They announced that they would stay until some court of the great state of California ordered them to move.

Courts are a slow medium for redress, and the squatters' game is extremely harmful to a community like Greenwater. People who come with money to invest in real estate become frightened. A squatter is not particular whose lot he takes. Any vacant lot is likely to become his spoil. All this makes it evident that some other remedy must be found, and the remedy must come through the people in whose community the crime is being committed. Being parasites, squatters should be treated as such. The best way is to remove them gently from their usurped lot and send them from the town. It's the only way that real estate can be made secure from their molestations.



Treeing a Wildcat Outfit

The apprehension and arrest of Dr. J. Grant Lyman, the wildcat mining promoter and alleged confidence man, whose little game with Boston-Greenwater stock has done the Nevada mining companies more harm than any other one man's dirty work, seems now to be about to revert to the good of the honest and boni fide propositions throughout the state. Let the good work go on. The grafters and confidence men are not wanted, and the sooner they can be decorated with stripes and placed with the other felons in the state "pen," the

better it will be for all concerned. Dr. Lyman may be thankful that he got into the clutches of the law and not into the hands of some irate citizen with a gun and a sense of justice stronger than his regard for his future. The residents and business men of the mining district owe the dear doctor something which should be handed to him hot from the platter. It is such dirty work as that in which he was mixed that makes the honest men work double time in clearing up the mess left behind and getting things into running order again.

The dear "doctor" put on his long boots, splashed around in a few prospect holes, and having gotten himself properly covered with mud and such, went to the good people of Boston and told them of his wonderful mine in Nevada. The "doctor" is a good talker. He could talk until Hell freezes over if you gave him the opportunity. With this ability, and a little real Nevada mud which had stuck to him to give his remarks weight, he managed to pan off about \$300,000 worth of worthless stocks on the credulous citizens of Boston. The Union Securities Company of Nevada was formed for the purpose of backing the game, or was drawn into it through the efforts of the wily "doctor," and together they did business and the Boston public at the same time until someone got next.

The "doctor" got next at the same time and disappeared from his haunts in Goldfield, leaving "for parts unknown." The Boston public, realizing that all its culture had not made it immune, and that it had been "gold-bricked," as any village hoosier might be, was furious. Officers of the law started out to make the "doctor's" acquaintance, and after following him around the country, finally succeeded in introducing themselves after much protest on the part of the learned physician. They may have been rude, but the "doctor's" reception was cold and

probably justified their attitude. Now he is "pinched" and awaiting the outcome of his game. Boston people are somewhat pacified but still indignant and nursing a wound to their pride which will not heal. Mining people are joyous, and the "doctor's" condition cannot be described. He is up against it. The Union Securities Company of Nevada has been "balled out," and properly classified.

The damage which such a fiasco does throughout a growing mining region is great. The only way to prevent the recurrence of such a tangle is to punish the offender. It is now up to the people to see that this is done.

When a wildcat promoter, a crook, a liar and a thief gets busy in a community he can always do some business. When he advertises this business throughout the United States as Dr. J. Grant Lyman did, it attracts some attention, and when it becomes known for the robbery it is, the whole community gets a black eye. When Boston people or others who were taken in with the bottomless Boston-Greenwater stock get wise to the bunco they are rightfully sore and naturally distrustful of any other companies. It makes it doubly hard to interest them in the legitimate properties, and so works a hardship on the whole community. It takes time for the honest men to counteract the dirty work of the crooks, and the best way to avoid this necessity is to give the crooks short shrift. Run them out of town. Give them Hell. Clear the country of such carrion and avoid trouble in the future. Dr. J. Grant Lyman has been caught red-handed. Give him what is coming to him, and there will be less similar trouble in the future.



What a man wants brings him to the desert. What he finds keeps him there.

The Furnace Cemetery

The Furnace Creek Cemetery on the brink of Death Valley in the Funeral mountains. Is it not an inviting name? Would it not pay any prospector to tramp a hundred weary miles across the burning desert and at last to die of heat and thirst, digging madly

in the parched sands for the water unattainable, just to be buried in a place so appropriate? If any may think the end inviting they may now put it down in their category of the possible for at last a resting place has been selected among the countless unmarked graves of the Funeral range.

The cool shade and tranquil beauty of Cypress Lawn or Evergreen is not for the denizen of the desert. Sagebrush and greasewood, sand and ledges mark the "long home" of the dying prospector. But even so, is it not best? The man of the desert loves his desert home, and even in death the love of a lifetime is not to be disregarded. For decades the wealth of the desert has been sought by wanderers, hundreds of whom went to their great accounting, unwatched, unattended and unknown, victims of the desert, which they thought to rob of her riches, but which, even so, they loved. These hundreds lie unknown and forgotten in the great reaches of the Funeral mountains and the glaring wastes of the terrible Death Valley.

No news returns to their friends, and year by year the loved ones wait until anxiety darkens into despair and all is accounted over. All this is the tragedy of the desert life, the Funeral mountains and the Valley of Death. It may continue, but with the coming of man there is to be a caring for of those who have gone, a last touch of a friend, a last rite to show that the man was a man, and so to be treated even in death. The desert was his home.

The desert claimed him in death, and in the desert which he loved he may still lie, but now with the sign above and around him that he was a man. The Furnace Creek Cemetery on the brink of Death Valley in the Funeral mountains. After all, is it not the best?



If you think the Chuck-Walla is a joke, don't tell the editor. He may think you are serious.



History on the desert is what will never be. Everyone is too busy making it to be able to record.



You will be glad to get to Hell if the road there is as unpleasant as some you have traveled on earth.



If you are forced to do business with your relatives, marry them. Then they can't testify against you.



Everything in this maglet is true. If it is not true now it will be sometime, or it has been in the past.

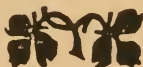


If a fire should start in Greenwater it's a query with the Chuck-Walla whether it would be cheaper to put it out with water worth two-bits per gallon or to let it burn the lumber that cost \$140 per thousand?

Come To Greenwater

The Coming Metropolis of the Western Desert

Greenwater is the supply center for the largest copper district ever discovered. This town of the Funeral Mountains will be a flourishing city in a few months. It holds for the **Investor**, the **Speculator** or the **Homeseeker** the greatest opportunities ever offered by a mining town. In six months it has grown to be a town of 2,000 inhabitants. Real estate values on town lots are jumping upwards each day. **Your Opportunity** to get in right on some good city lots is now. Tomorrow their values may be doubled and the chance to buy them gone. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀



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GREATEST ADVANTAGE
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do a GENERAL
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**Greenwater
Inyo County
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The Mining Advertising Agency guarantees results, and will interest any class of men desired in your business. It can do this because with its wide connections it reaches various classes through various mediums. **Men with money** can be told of the **advantages** which you offer, or **men with brains** can be brought to aid your business with **mutual** benefit. It will touch the class of people with which you wish to do business without wasting **time, money and effort** on those whom you do not want. **The Mining Advertising Agency** will take your advertising business entirely off your hands and through its knowledge and study of conditions will obtain better results for you with less money than you can do for yourself. Every firm, corporation, company and business house can have its own private advertising man if it will place its publicity business with **The Mining Advertising Agency**.

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**Write for
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To Brokers!

We have a proposal to submit to a list of selected brokers in the principal Cities of the United States and Canada. It is made with the view to securing representation for several of the principal copper properties of the Greenwater District. *Immediate correspondence is invited from established brokerage houses located in the leading financial centers and possessing a high-class clientele.* ❀ ❀

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ARTHUR KUNZE, President

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GREENWATER, - CALIFORNIA

The Greenwater Mercantile Company

The Pioneer Store at Greenwater

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We carry a full supply of everything the miner, prospector or business man needs.

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Men's Furnishing Goods, Furniture, Stationery, Boots and Shoes

First House of the kind in the Greenwater District.

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Everything for the
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SEE US AT GREENWATER OR FURNACE

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BROWN & REBER, Publishers
Greenwater, Inyo Co., Cal.



Was the first established newspaper at Greenwater. It gives all the news in a truthful, reliable manner about the Great Copper District in the **Funeral Mountains**. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** One year, \$5.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$2.00. Single copy, 10 cents.

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You Want Copper, Not a Prospect

The Butte and Greenwater has a mine if there is one in the Greenwater District. Ten of the best claims in the district, having a surface showing unequalled, with out-cropping ledges, comprise this property. The Schwab ledge, the greatest in the district, cuts across this property: ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕

Wallace Corbett, the noted Mining Man from Butte, Montana, says this about the property, in the Rhyolite Herald:

"I visited most of the leading properties at Greenwater, including the Greenwater & Death Valley, Patsy Clark, Furnace Creek, Hank Knight, United Greenwater, Elko and Butte & Greenwater, and all of them look good. The surface showings are as big as I have ever seen anywhere in my travels; they are enormous. And, as far as surface indications are concerned, I consider that the Butte & Greenwater property has just as good a chance to make a big mine as any of them, and I think with development we will be able to show just as good results. We have added another claim to the holdings, having just purchased adjoining ground, which materially strengthens the group."

Development work is in progress. Capital Stock, 1,500,000 shares, 600,000 treasury, par value \$1.00, full paid, non-assessable. ✕ ✕ We offer for public subscription 100,000 shares of treasury stock at 50 cents a share and we recommend the purchase at that price.

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Thirty Million Dollars in Coppers

HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS AT GREENWATER, CALIFORNIA

MORE than thirty Copper Mining Companies capitalized for more than a million dollars each have in that time been organized in the Greatest Copper District in the world. Some of these individual companies will produce more than a **Hundred Millions** in copper. Their treasure in copper ore is almost unlimited. Others of these companies will never produce a dollar for their stockholders. Their ground is barren of ore. **To know the Good Companies from the Worthless Ones** you must keep posted, and the best way to do this is to read **The Death Valley Chuck-Walla**. **IT** will tell all the truth about the **Greenwater Copper District** all the time.

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla is entertaining as well as valuable. It appears every two weeks. Single copies cost ten cents. For one year the subscription price is \$1.50. Fill out the form below and send it, with \$1.50 to **The Chuck-Walla Company, Greenwater, Inyo County, California.** *o o o o o o o*

The Chuck-Walla Company, Greenwater, Cal.

Send **The Death Valley Chuck-Walla** to my address for one year for which find enclosed \$1.50.

Name

Town

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State

MILLIONS

ARE BURIED IN THE

FUNERAL RANGE

DEATH VALLEY

IS A GREAT

TREASURE TROVE

TOMBSTONES are not very numerous in this deathlike country, but monuments marking the greatest prospective **copper mines** in the world are scattered over these **desert mountains** for a distance of **fifty miles**. We have secured the exclusive right to sell the only **RELIEF MAP** of the great **GREENWATER MINING DISTRICT** made, showing a panoramic view of the entire district, and giving the relative locations of all the incorporated mining properties. The map is worth a fortune to any investor who wishes to become acquainted with the district, and cannot visit Greenwater. It is the best guide that a visitor to the district can secure. We will send the map to any address for **\$2.00**.

The Mining Advertising Agency
Greenwater, California

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla

A MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Volume 1, Number 2.

Greenwater, California

January the 15th, 1907.

¶ Published on the desert at the brink of Death Valley. Mixing the dope, cool from the mountains and hot from the desert, and withal putting out a concoction with which you can do as you damn please as soon as you have paid for it. ❖ ❖ ❖ PRICE, TEN CENTS

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South Greenwater Copper Company

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OFFERING OF TREASURY STOCK IN THE SOUTH
GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY IS NOW ON
SALE AT PAR, ONE DOLLAR PER SHARE. FOR
INFORMATION REGARDING THE COMPANY
WRITE JOHN S. HILLS, TONOPAH, NEVADA.

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Received by the Tonopah Banking Corporation

You will want all the news about the Greatest Copper Camp on Earth, Greenwater, California. Therefore subscribe for

The Greenwater Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY



Subscription Rates

\$5 per year

\$3 for 6 mos.

\$1.50 for 3 mos.

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Greenwater, Inyo Co., California

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THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

Vol. 1., No. 2.

Greenwater, California

January 15, 1907

¶ Published twice a month by the Chuck-Walla Company. ¶ Application for admission to the mails as second-class matter is now pending. ¶ Subscription rates, single copy, ten cents. \$1.50 a year. ¶ Advertising rates furnished on application.

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O Damn It All to Hell

God made the seashore for the idler and the fisherman;
God made the desert for those who have the grit;
 And the man who likes it broilin'
 And takes his part o' toilin'
Is classified as thoroughbred—he's the one who makes the hit.

God makes the diamond for the ballroom and the limelight;
God gave his free gold to lend the gem a tone;
 But the man who finds the treasure
 Has a damn sight keener pleasure
In his desert plain and starlight, than the man who wears
 [the stone.

(Apologies to Gelett Burgess)

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

Greenwater in Special Editions

We are amused from time to time by the stories of Greenwater as they appear in special editions of papers and mining magazines. Stories about the copper camp which are alleged to have been written by a special writer who made an expensive trip to the copper field in the Funeral mountains for the purpose of obtaining the valuable information which is set forth in the "special edition." This talk about special writers and special editions, "Greenwater Editions," and such tommyrot is laughable to anyone who has become familiar with conditions at Greenwater and knows something about the various properties which are treated by these special writers in these special editions. Properties that receive the most space and are spoken of in the most glowing terms are frequently those that lie farthest removed from the copper ledges and have the least chance of ever becoming a copper mine, while the best properties in the district receive no notice or very little space.

One reputable journal in Chicago some weeks ago went so far from the beaten path of truth as to describe with laudable terms the Boston-Greenwater property, for the exploiting of which Dr. J. Grant Lyman got himself into trouble with the law. A property composed entirely of worthless fractions near the crest of the Funeral range somewhat above Clark's property. The writer for the Chicago publication presumably had been to Greenwater and knew of what he spoke.

Greenwater is a big district. It covers an area approximately of six hundred square miles. Copper properties are scattered over this entire area. Nearly every foot of this territory has monuments on it. The claims have all been recorded and most of this land will in time be incorporated in mining companies. To tell all the truth about this vast area of copper land a visiting writer has no small task.

Mining journals and newspapers throughout the United States have sent their representatives on flying trips to Greenwater within the last few months, and the world knows of Greenwater what these mediums wished it to know. Some little part of the world, some few men who have been interested enough to look for themselves know more than the public press has told. How do the information given to the public and the information gathered by personal investigation coincide? That is an interesting question and one which is furnishing many outsiders food for thought. What confidence can be put in the published reports of papers situated thousands of miles from Greenwater, and influenced by the many things which may influence newspapers?

In general, the reports, the "boosts" and write-ups are legitimate, honest and unprejudiced. In particular, they should be taken with a proper amount of salt.

Greenwater as a copper mining district is all that it has been declared. The information has been passed to the public to that effect, and the public has not been deceived. The information gathered by that small part of the public which investigated for itself rather than through the public press coincides in this respect with the information which the world has, and it is all true. Greenwater district has all that has been claimed for it.

In regard to individual mines and companies the information given through the public press often does not coincide with that gathered by personal investigation. In some cases it is reliable, but more often it is not. Those men who have investigated and know of their own knowledge realize this to be the fact. Therefore they are unmoved by the praises and alleged facts circulated by an "unprejudiced" editor. They see his fakes, know them for what they are, and so class him with the schemes which he promotes. To them his articles on various mines and groups of claims carry no weight. They have seen him on the wrong steer and prefer to investigate for themselves. This done they are in a position to know what kind of properties they are going up against.

The general newspaper-reading public is not in a position to get this information at first hand. They do not see how easily the journal which is published in New York can be connected up with a mining company in California by means of a little money. They read the special articles written by experienced mining men who have been sent out by that journal, and reading, they believe. Ordinarily they do not stop to think that the journal in New York may tell its representative just what is to be written. Often they are stung on this account. The result is, of course, bad for the district. It takes ten good mines to overcome the stain of one bad one which has buncoed the public.

Of course that kind of business ruins the journal as far as any influence it may have with mining men who are on the ground. They know that its write-ups are for sale to the highest bidder and that with the slightest assurance that the fake will not revert back to the paper, an editor will come through for a certain amount of cash. Their experience has demonstrated that fact

to them. Careful readers are able to distinguish the paid write-up from the legitimate portrayal of facts about certain companies or properties. There is always the ear mark of the ad. In some cases the boost for a particular company is honest and truthful. In many cases it is not. Some journals can be depended upon to give only the truth. Others must be watched for articles influenced by the money of promoters. Greenwater editions of the most important mining journals in the world have been numerous of late. Be careful of them when they tend to particulars.



**An
Ass With a
Hammer**

Lindsay Denison, a bright young literary man from New York, is writing a series of articles in Ridgway's magazine on the subject of "The Gamble for Nevada Ore." Possibly you wonder who Lindsay Denison is, that he presumes to take up such a subject. As already stated, he is a bright young literary man from New York with an ample fund of self-esteem, and about as much personal knowledge of mines and mining as a police court reporter on a New York paper would be apt to have. To appreciate the full importance of his attack on Nevada mining you may also wish to know what Ridgway's magazine is. According to its own statement emblazoned in large type on the cover it is "a militant weekly for God and country." It is published simultaneously in a number of large cities of the United States and has a number of good writers on its staff. It also has a very good circulation among the various classes of people in the country.

Knowing thus slightly who Lindsay Denison is and

what Ridgway's is you should know how he gets into the game through his magazine. As has already been said once or twice Lindsay is a bright young literary man. With that as his principal asset he was sent from New York a short time ago to look at the Nevada mining game. According to the editors who gave Lindsay his job he has been sent to Goldfield "to investigate fraudulent mining concerns," and "will tell the truth as he finds it." His first article written and published in December, 1906, is by his own statement written after five days' investigation in the town of Goldfield. A New York writer, whose principal education was gathered as a newspaper reporter in the police courts of New York, presumes to come to a mining country which he has never seen before and inform the public, after five days' talk with a few mining men and others, that the Nevada mines are for the most part frauds and backed by wildcatters. Now, what do you think of that? Certainly Lindsay Denison has a nerve of proportions which should be commended. He knows nothing about mines from any personal knowledge, yet he has the crust to assume the role of the "protector of the poor and oppressed," and knock the whole business of the state of Nevada after having lived in Goldfield for five days' and having talked with some of the men about town. Surely Lindsay Denison is a bright young literary man from New York, and Ridgway's is the real benefactor of mankind by exposing this horrible fraud which is wrecking more homes than the curse of drink and all the other alleged curses combined.

"After being only three days in the Southern Nevada district it is altogether safe to make this statement: . . . There is only one mine in the list which has so far advanced that several months ago it was shipping ore. The rest are all may-be's." This is

one of his statements verbatim. Here is another: "There is just one signal to be set on the track of the man who is on his way to put good money into Goldfield, Tonopah, Manliattan, Bullfrog or Greenwater prospect stocks: You are gambling, not investing." These statements represent the dope which Lindsay Denison and Ridgway's is passing out to the general public under the guise of truth, and with the pose of a savior of mankind. What do you think of it?

Lindsay Denison knows no more about a mine than does a Florida alligator. He is five days in the town and knows little more about the people than he does about a mine. He does know how to write interesting little stories and knocks and with the conceit of an unmitigated ass he jumps into the game and sets his opinions and alleged investigation up against the work and money of thousands of men who have forgotten more than he ever could learn about these subjects. Lindsay Denison has a nerve, but it is the nerve of an ass which breaks into the running simply because it has not sense enough to keep out. Because he has the conceit of a peacock and a job with a magazine, he gets in the game and tries to raise hell. He knows that people like to listen to the knocking of other people and he plays to this weakness of human nature. He makes an ass of himself only a little less conspicuous than the magazine which publishes his alleged "truth about fraudulent mining concerns."

Even an ass gets in right at times, however, and Lindsay has a few ideas which are on the square and give a little credit to the judgment of the men of money and brains who have opened up the Nevada and California mines. We should give the devil his due, and so, though Lindsay allows us small enough opportunity, we are glad to credit him where he is in right. On the whole, he knocks the mining game

with very few specific instances to lend credence to his stories. Some of these instances, however, are true. He is wise to the wildcat scheme of J. Grant Lyman with the Union Securities Company of Nevada and the Boston-Greenwater Copper Company. This was a fake, and as such should be exposed. The fakes should all be exposed. The men with good properties and legitimate business want the fakes exposed and for that purpose Denison will do as well as any other. It is his wholesale knocking of what he does not know a damned thing about that shows him up for an ass. He admits that there is rich ore in Nevada and California, but even that concession he is fool enough to spoil with a statement that no one knows where it is.

Altogether, Lindsay Denison is plainly an ass as well as a "bright young literary man from New York," and if he does not get down to details and be a little more certain of his facts he will probably go back to New York with a changed idea of Nevada and Nevada mining camps. This change of ideas may be promoted in several ways, all very unpleasant for Mister Denison.



**\$25,000,000
Merger at
Greenwater**

Since the greatness of the copper deposit at Greenwater has become general knowledge among mining men, the formation of a merger among the big interests in the district has been an entertaining topic of conversation. Now the merger has come to pass. On December 15 was formed in New York the Greenwater Copper Mines and Smelter Company, with five million shares of stock at a par value of \$5 for each share. The merger took in the Greenwater-Death Valley Copper Company, the

United Greenwater Copper Company and the Death Valley Copper Company, including all of the Schwab interests, the Brock interests and the Gillies interests. The company thus capitalized at twenty-five million dollars is the largest mining company in the new district. It is one of the largest mining companies in the Western desert and indicates clearly, more than anything else so far has indicated, the enormous value of the copper deposit which Arthur Kunze discovered in the Funeral range; the confidence which the men with millions at their disposal have in this district. This merger stands as a monument to the greatness of Greenwater.

As the name indicates, the Greenwater Mines and Smelting Company will do a copper mining and smelting business. And in this lies the answer to a potent question which has been current in Greenwater for many months. What about the smelter? Every miner at Greenwater has spent much time speculating about the location of a smelter for the treatment of the Greenwater ores. This speculation has been suddenly brought to an end. The smelter will be built forthwith. It will be located near Amargosa. Perhaps at the very latest in a year from this date the ore from Greenwater will run in a virgin stream of copper from the company's ovens. All this means millions for Greenwater. It means millions for the men who are backing the new merger company, it means millions for everybody who is not too skeptical to come into the land of copper and take a chance. The forming of the merger practically assures the permanency of the Greenwater district and its quick development into the foremost copper-producing district in the world.

But the Greenwater Copper Mines and Smelter Company has yet another purpose. Besides developing its copper mines in the district and building a

smelter for the treatment of the ore, the company proposes to build a railroad to its mines at Greenwater. This railroad will run from Greenwater to the smelter at Amargosa. Of course it will go farther than this, but its complete line and permanent connections are still a matter of speculation. The speculation, however, is not puzzling in its probable course. One of the leading factors in the new merger company is Brock of Tonopah. Brock was a heavy stockholder in the Greenwater-Death Valley Copper Company. He was also a stockholder in the United Greenwater Company. And Brock owns a railroad that runs from Tonopah to Rhyolite already and is surveying from Rhyolite to Greenwater. The trend of events is apparent without the definite assurance from Brock that his railroad interests are in some way merged with the merger copper company and that it will be his railroad which the copper merger will build from Rhyolite to Amargosa and thence to Greenwater.

The merging of the Greenwater-Death Valley properties, the United Greenwater Company and the Death Valley Company brings together the best mining lands in the district without uniting contending financial interests. The men who owned all of these companies have always been classed in Greenwater as the Schwab crowd. This name was applied to distinguish from the Clark people at Furnace and the other smaller moneyed syndicates that have acquired property in the district. All of the claims that now are included in the merger lie together and form the largest group of claims controlled by one company. They also form what is generally admitted by all to be the best claims from surface indications. The big copper mine in the Greenwater district will be developed under these claims. This mine will be the nearest adjacent to the town of Greenwater.

consign them to hell had better not only live his own life in such a way as to avoid that destination, but had better be pretty sure of what kind of a "damn man" he is going up against.



How To Build a Town

To build a mining town: Take one man with money and a desire to plunge, one man with a reputation as a prospector, about one hundred pounds of ore of good quality; mix this well and sprinkle over a few newspapers throughout the country.

Make a rich crust with plenty of nerve, a little more money and a few damn fools and set in the desert to bake. With a warm oven this should turn out a beautiful town in a few months, if the ingredients are properly measured and mixed.

When finished put the town on the market with a few pieces of ore garnished with advertisements and newspaper clippings in your show window and the customers will come. Some of them will like the pie and will bite deep. Then, if it is not properly mixed, they will get the "tummy-ache" and howl for mother, or if it has not stood long enough and is still hot they may burn their tongues and howl for father. Anyway, if it don't suit and the ingredients do not satisfy the palate and the appetite and sustain bodily vigor, there will be hell to pay. If the goods were pure and the spices properly proportioned they will call for more and in less time than it takes to tell your business will be beyond your ability to handle. Then hire a few extra men in the shop and in a little while there will be a city for sale instead of a town. This is the way in which most of them are made. Some are not.

In the majority of cases the town is turned out for public consideration and consumption with little real idea of the proportions and the purity of the ingredients which went into its manufacture. The men who started the mixing found the ingredients at hand but did not stop to see whether some of them had spoiled in the cans or were only imitations. They dumped the mess together, mixed it up and sold it to the hungry public. The public, not liking the effect, yelled that it had been cheated and had barely escaped death from ptomaine or monetary poisoning. The result was bad for men who were running an honest bakeshop as all the goods were looked upon with suspicion by the dear public. Such a howl went up that new men with new towns had to put a government label on their goods and guarantee freedom from injurious ingredients with a solid gold guarantee. This worked well and good towns are being put together again, as they have been, beside the bad ones in the past. One of these is Greenwater.

Greenwater grew like many of the others, except that it had a master hand at the mixing and master hands all the way through. The prospector was found, the good ore was found and the man with money was found. These got together and the newspapers came into the game. A crust of nerve and the other attributes were added and the town started. The ore was pure copper and there was enough of it to give the town a substantial body which the customers could not complain of. The money was spent in proper amounts to keep up business and give the proper spice to the mixture. The other ingredients added their flavors and advantages and the mixture was ready and was offered to the public. Then its purity and strength were tested. One man bought, tasted and called for more. Another heard him and did likewise. A dozen

more rushed in for a piece and the game was on. The goods were good and the people appreciated the fact.

Tents sprang up over night in the desert. By train as far as they could come the people hurried and then by stage and automobile sixty miles more across the desert waste and into the desert mountains. The wise man behind had shaped his town. Streets were surveyed in the gullies and draws. Lots were apportioned and building began. Lumber was scarce, as it must be hauled for days across the desert, where there was neither water nor food for the freighters. Floors were put down and on rough frames houses of canvas appeared in a few hours. Stores and restaurants and saloons and lodging houses were opened and the town was made. Some of the more fortunate were able to build frame structures, but in the first hundred houses in the town there were not ten entirely of wood. This made no difference. The tents could be kept warm with plenty of greasewood rustled on the flats or the near-by hills. True, this required work, but everyone worked. The stores supplied the necessities of life. Bread can be had for twenty-five cents a loaf, and water hauled forty miles in barrels is only \$7.50 a barrel on ordinary occasions. Everything to make a town and to keep the people is supplied and the town grows. It was thought advisable to change its location for a number of reasons. This was done amid some grumbling and some laughter and the town still grows, and the public is hurrying to the shop to get another piece. That is because the mixing was right, and the stuff that went into the thing had the substantial quality necessary. The town grows. It is still mostly tents with wooden floors and no widows but the people are here, all the necessities of life are here, and the town grows. On the desert, fifty miles from the best railway transportation, without water, or anything of the necessi-

ties of life except what are hauled across the sagebrush plains the town grows. It stands, a group of white roofs in a little canyon of the Funeral range, but the roofs shelter a thousand people and the town grows.

The people are good-hearted, busy men with work to do and the time both to do it and to enjoy their lives, and in this respect better off than many of their brethren in the cultured cities. Otherwise Greenwater is like many other towns built less strangely, busy, prosperous, happy and confident of the future.



**That Million
Dollar Club
House**

Sam Davis of Carson City, Nevada, has been hitting the pipe, and at present it looks somewhat as though his dream may come true. It is a dream for rich men, however, and those who are not yet within the sacred portals which money builds around a man had just as well retire to the rear and here be seated and watch the performance, for a while at least. What Sam wants is a \$1,000,000 club house for miners. Do you get that? One million good, big, round semoleons, bones, plunks, for a club house for miners. That's going some, but Sam has a hunch that he can put it through, and Sam is used to seeing his hunches made good. He is Insurance Commissioner for Nevada and has been in the habit of looking at figures that would put \$1,000,000 clear off the map. Maybe that is the reason he talks so optimistically of this little \$1,000,000 club house for miners.

This is the low down. Sam expects to have his club house built for miners of the world. He is going to draw on Butte and Goldfield, Dawson and Pittsburg,

Nome and Scandahoovia alike. Everything looks good to the Insurance Commissioner and anyone with \$1,000 and sense enough to distinguish dynamite from candles can get in. A thousand dollars is the price, and if you can't raise it your bid for place is turned down. This is going to be the real cream, right off the top of the mining world, according to Sam's statement. He says he has nearly a hundred men coming through with the cash already. That makes \$100,000. He only needs \$900,000 more. That's easy for Samuel. He has been there before. When you can raise \$500,000 to put through a certain insurance bill or do some stunt of the kind in the legislature on three weeks' notice, why can't you raise \$1,000,000 to build a club house for the miners of the world? I give up. So does everyone else to whom Sam puts the question.

"The miners of the world." That is the way it stands. Whether you are a Swede or a Hungarian or a Siberian or an American or a Spitz, it matters not, you are in if you've got the wherewithal and are a miner. He's got 100 already and that from Nevada and California. He only needs 900 more to turn the trick, and he has the world to draw from. Surely Sam will get the business.

This club house is to be the real thing. It is to have the finest mineral museum in the world, and is to have the finest of everything in the world. That is right. It should have the finest if it is for the miners, and it can have the finest with the world to draw from. It is to have club rooms, and reading rooms, and writing rooms, and banquet rooms, and kitchens, and guest rooms, and drawing rooms, and card rooms, and billiard rooms, a gymnasium, an auditorium, everything but searching rooms. You can take anything out that you can get hold of and you can take anything in that looks or sounds or smells or feels like a mine. That is,

of course, if you have paid the necessary \$1,000 and belong. It is to be the best ever on the inside and the 'finest building in ———, but we won't say yet where it's going to be.

That is where Sam slips up on himself and puts a black eye on his scheme, which may possibly prevent its ever seeing the light of day. He says it's going to be in Oakland. Oakland! Did you get that? Now, Oakland is a nice little town situated on San Francisco bay, directly across from old 'Frisco herself. Oakland is a nice, quiet town, where the citizens all go to bed at 10 o'clock and get up in the morning much refreshed and work hard at their business all day. This makes fine results and Oakland is developing into quite a sturdy youngster, even thinking of taking some of her big sister 'Frisco's business away from across the bay. But think of a miners' club house in Oakland! The people there are all nice people, of course, but if you gave one of the bunch a stick of dynamite he would try to light it for a candle or chew it for an all-day sucker. They don't know a mine from a mud hole, and they don't know a miner from a tramp. What would a miners' club house feel like in a place like that? I don't hear an answer. You don't know? Well, then, guess.

Sam has a good idea. He wants to have the mining congresses of the world in his mining club house of the world. That would be fine, but the miners don't want to have the miners' club house of the world in Oakland. That is different. Let the good work go on Sam. Get busy and build your club house for your wealthy miners, and have your fine mineral exhibits and your mining congresses. It's a good thing, and will help out the whole game, but don't put it in Oakland or any other town that lives on fig preserves and sleep. Put it in a mining town, where it is appreci-

ated. Anywhere—but have it in a mining town, where the men are miners and know the game and are good fellows and will get some of the good of the \$1,000,-000 which their fortunate brothers have pulled out of these same mines.



**The
Chuck-Walla
Visits Teddy**

Just to show that there's no ill-feeling, The Death Valley Chuck-Walla is going to send one of its offspring of this issue to President Roosevelt. The Chuck-Walla doesn't want to hurt the feelings of anyone, even if he be the president of the United States, and as the present incumbent is interested in knowing what this country can and does produce we have decided to give him a chance to see what can come out of the desert besides the gold and silver and copper ingots with which he is already acquainted. The copy of the magazine which goes to the president is to be marked "personal," and is to be registered in the mails, as its value suggests that it should be registered, and when the president has had time to get a look at it after it passes the necessary number of clerks, and has had time to voice a criticism, if he so desires, we are going to tell you what he thinks about it. There won't be a mistake. It's a cinch he will get the package, and whatever he writes, if he writes anything, either roast, commendation or acknowledgment, we will print it for the edification of those who wish to learn how closely the president of the United States is in sympathy with the desert men, the desert life, the desert riches and the desert possibilities. If he refuses to say anything we will print that when we have had time to be sure that he does not intend to say anything.

What we're up against in the desert is not small. It may be of interest even to President Roosevelt to know that there is a town of a thousand people in California where water costs \$8 a barrel and bread is twenty-five cents a loaf. He knows considerable; probably even a little more than the desert-born Chuck-Walla, but there is a look-in here which he has slipped up on to some extent in his anxiety over the Panama canal and the Japanese troubles. The Nevada and California desert is a big place and furnishes much of the mineral wealth of the world at present as President Roosevelt probably knows, but just because there are only a few thousand men digging this up he does not know many other things about it. Now he is going to learn a little more. He will get the dope from us as our registry return card will show, and even if he is too busy with the Panama canal to read it he will at least know that there is a desert with something in it besides sand, and something coming out of it besides gold and copper. Here's hoping that he will have time and inclination to read and possibly an opportunity sometime to put in a good word for the lay-out. Here's regards to the president.



**The
Greenwater
Copper District**

The extent of the Greenwater copper deposits is something which has made mining men the world over open their eyes and then put their thumbs to their noses with a few scurrilous remarks about it being "an impossibility," or "all a bluff," or "those fellows have got a crust," or something else of that kind. At first they were skeptical and jeered openly at the prospect, putting down the

five or six hundred square miles of copper-bearing ground as one of the fakes by which they had been stung before, or attributing the story to the unequalled nerve of the Western mind. It was classed along with the story of the man from Oregon, who said that the fogs were so thick in his part of the country that the steamers frequently sailed over dry land in a cloud, thinking that they were still calmly nosing along in the ocean waves where they had started. Some of these skeptics were sufficiently interested in the tale to investigate, however, and these fortunate ones invested their money and carried a story back to the village which changed the tone of their friends' remarks.

It was found to be the real thing and the wise ones accepted it as such and got in early. Ground was staked for fifty miles along the Funeral range, and claims nearly a hundred miles from the nearest railway were sold at fabulous prices. Organized companies are now opening up these properties with their stock above par and the companies installing gasoline hoists and working big-crews at an unprecedented expense. They are not doing this for their health. Men do not invest hundreds of thousands of dollars in a mine unless they think they are going to get it out with interest. They have investigated and experted and figured on the cost of opening, with food and water and all the necessaries at ten times the usual price, and still they are putting in their money and taking out the copper. This means business and shows that the extent of the Greenwater copper deposits is up to the five or six hundred square mile story and still growing. Within the last two months the Death Valley slope beyond Furnace has been staked and surveyed and experted for ten or fifteen miles, and men who know, men who are the authorities in the mining game today are staking their reputations on the fact that the

best showings in the whole district are on the Death Valley slope fifteen or twenty miles from the town of Greenwater and ten or fifteen miles from Furnace. Companies have been organized with men like Patsey Clark behind them, and a wagon road costing thousands of dollars is already being surveyed into that part of the district to open the properties. These men know their business and are investing their money, not speculating. This gives some idea of the extent of the district.

On the other hand, and in the other direction, we have the same showings and the same distance. South Greenwater it is called but it is still part of the great Greenwater copper mining district. Fourteen miles from Greenwater town, in a straight line, or seventeen miles by road, there are deposits which are making good mines and which have copper in plenty and a little gold and silver on the side. This country is opening up now. It is more accessible than the Death Valley slope, and improvements are already under way and the shafts are going down daily. This is seventeen miles south of Greenwater town. The newly discovered deposits of the Death Valley slope are from fifteen to twenty miles in the opposite direction. Figure it up. There you have mines from thirty to forty miles apart, and in between is the town of Greenwater, with its rich adjacent territory covering the Patsey Clark and the Schwab and the Tom Lawson and the Henry Knight and a hundred other properties all working, all spending money because they have looked and the copper is there. If this does not prove that the extent of the Greenwater copper deposits is what has been claimed come in and we will give you a little more of the dope.

It is now being worked for over forty miles. That is something. It is staked for fifty miles further. What

that is we do not know, but it shows something. The working is what counts, however. When men of ability and business acumen put their money into a business you may be sure that it is not a bluff or a Western fog story, particularly when they have investigated thoroughly before the deal. To emphasize this fact there are a few more facts.

The Furnace Townsite Company is surveying for a road to tap the new deposits and the growing camps on the Death Valley slope. Into this road money is going daily and before completion it will cost many hundreds of thousands of dollars for it must be cut from solid rock and through precipitous canyons much of the way. The men behind the scheme are men of ability and judgment. They have been on the ground and know what's what. They are investing their money, not burying it. That should be sufficient proof that the copper is there in quantities sufficient to warrant the expenditure.

On the other hand, we have the South Greenwater Copper Company or Copper Mining Company or whatever its name is. It owns some of the property in that end of the district forty miles from the other properties. It is spending money on its properties because there are showings there to warrant the expenditure. It is fourteen miles straight southeast of the town of Greenwater, or seventeen miles by road. It is two miles from the old Daggett road, and only a mile from the survey of the new Borax Smith railroad, which will be running into Greenwater by the first of June. This has made practical work possible, and so the work has begun and the money is going into the improvements to come out again in the form of copper. It is situated on the south extension of the East Greenwater belt, and the men behind are willing to stake their money on the prospects and the showings. On

account of its easy accessibility compared with the Death Valley slope forty miles away, the work has started on the mines already. Two shafts are started and a big gang of men drawing money out of the purses of the backers are working daily on the two shafts which have been started. Expensive machinery and heavy gasoline hoists are on the road. Three ledges crossing the Miller group are seen in the company's properties showing five or six per cent copper and some gold and silver besides. Work is going along merrily and the men behind are putting in their money to justify their faith in what is in sight. This means business. This shows that the extent of the Greenwater copper deposits is not a myth or a pipe dream or anything else but fact, justified by the opinion and the examination of experts.

Here we have properties forty miles apart, into which is going the money and the reputation of mining men, whose money and reputation stand as a mark before the world of miners. It shows what the Greenwater deposit is. There is nothing like it.



Railroads To Greenwater

Borax (F. C.) Smith of Twenty-mule team and Death Valley fame is indulging himself considerably these days with the boyish game of railroad building. Since he has made a peck of money out of his borax deposit in the Death Valley country he has acquired an ambition to do as his pals from the railroad world are doing. He wants to own a railroad. That always was a simple wish with Americans, but he also wants to build the road he owns and that is costing him some money.

Just now, according to the statements given out by his engineers and his head-builder, Ryan, this pleasure of railroad-building is costing the Borax King \$175,000 for every mile of road that he builds through the Amargosa canyon. That is not quite as much as the Panama canal is costing Teddy Roosevelt, for Culebra is a bit higher than the niter hills in the Amargosa and Smith won't employ Chinese to do his work. The Amargosa, however, is not at all reconciled to the harness of steel rails and railroad grades. The wash that forms the canyon is nearly ten miles long, so that even a borax king must wonder at odd moments when his road will begin to earn money and how much it can earn when running at full capacity.

Despite the difficulties and the hardships which the Amargosa wash is presenting to the builders of the Tonopah Tidewater Railroad just now, the officials of this line assert positively and with much show of assurance that this will be the first road to enter Greenwater. They have fixed upon the first of May, 1907, as the day when their line shall be completed to the copper city, and to back their assertions they quote their engineers and point to the force of men employed on the work. One thousand men are today at work in the canyon. Nearly two thousand mules and horses are there grading. Where for years the silent river has made its secret way under the sands to Death Valley, men and beasts as thick as flies are battling against the difficulties of the geological formations. It's a battle between tremendous forces. In places the railroad bed is being blasted out of the rocks on the precipitous walls of the mountains. Cuts made by the water to chasms nearly bottomless are being filled. Numerous sinks and places covered by treacherous quicksands are being bridged. Building the Smith road through the Amargosa may not be the most difficult engineering

feat ever attempted by railroad builders, but it has some features that a lay mind may marvel at and it is costing the Borax King a pretty penny to bring his steam cars to the Lida C.

Financiers seldom worry over the cost of a railroad, however. Their eyes seem constantly fastened on the results of their expenditure. Smith began his railroad with his borax mine as the objective. Now the mine of borax has become an incidental and the main objective is Greenwater. When the road has passed the Amargosa flat above the old borax works the line will be turned toward Greenwater, coming up the flat to the left of the mountain range in which the Lida C. is located. From this point of junction with the Lida C branch, the road to Greenwater will be easily constructed. The engineering problem will be a simple one of pushing up a grade on the level desert flat and laying the ties and rails. At the most the entire distance to Greenwater from here can be built in a few weeks. The entire length of the road will then be 125 miles from Greenwater to Ludlow, where it connects with the main line of the Santa Fe.

Not so difficult a task as the Smith people have, is that confronting the builders of the Clark road from Amargosa to Greenwater. This road, too, must cross the flat of the Amargosa and just how difficult that is no one knows. Like many other great rivers in Nevada the Amargosa has the peculiar habit of flowing entirely under ground. On the surface of the stream is sand. Bushes grow in many places. Some enterprising Indians and farmers have fenced the land and converted it into ranches, but for all this calm exterior the Amargosa is treacherous, particularly to railroads. Rains bring the water in the river to the surface. Sinks and bottomless quicksand mires develop in an hour where formerly it was safe for horses or men to cross.

It still remains a question whether railroads will be able to find a firm foundation for a roadbed on this river.

With this exception the work of building the Clark road from Amargosa to Greenwater is not difficult. Drywash canyon will be a very simple matter compared to the Amargosa canyon, through which the Smith road is building. The Clark road also has its survey completed to Greenwater and should be the first road in, but the builders seem to be too busy getting into Rhyolite from Beatty to think about the work on the Greenwater branch.

When a German is confronted with a foaming stein he forthwith insists that of all good things there are three. So it is with Greenwater and the railroads. Two railroads giving their assurance of coming to the copper city simply brought the interest to a warming point. Two railroads finding Greenwater a good objective were surprised to find as soon as they had determined to come there that they had another companion, who had been forging a way across the desert from Goldfield toward Rhyolite. This is the Goldfield-Tonopah railroad, or Brock's road, as it is frequently and familiarly called. Within a few days this road will be at Rhyolite. From Rhyolite to Greenwater the distance is eighty miles, but the way is not beset with great engineering difficulties and there is some belief current that this will be the first railroad to run trains into the copper camp in the Funeral range.

Brock's interests in Greenwater in connection with the Schwab copper properties make the place particularly tempting to him. He has his own copper mines to develop, his own ore to carry out, his own material to bring in. He is one of the largest shareholders in the big twenty-five million dollar merger. He will own in part the smelter at Amargosa. As an object-

ive for his railroad venture Brock has a greater incentive to build a railroad to Greenwater than have either Clark or Smith and it will cost him less money to build the line from Rhyolite.

Not the least important factor in the coming of this road is the direct connections which this line will open up between the great copper district and the gold fields of Middle and Northern Nevada. By the completion of this line the greatest mineralized section ever found in the world will be closely connected, and the old days of hardships, of burro and mule-train travel across the desert will be done away with.

Greenwater will have within the brief period of four or five months the distinction of being the only railroad center in the Nevada mining section. It will be the youngest of the Eldorados and at the same time the best attended. Situated in the formerly inaccessible Funeral mountains on the verge of Death Valley, Greenwater will have the best connections with the outside world of all mining cities. Thus the marvels of civilization as worked out on the desert grow quickly from chimerical ideas to prosaic realities.



**A Youth to
Fortune and to
Fame Well
Known**

Some readers of this maglet may not know who Jack Salsberry is, what he has done to gain him fame and fortune or why he should furnish material for this personal notice. To such the Chuck-Walla could give intelligent information.

We know who he is, what he did to gain fortune; but why he should become famous, that is beyond us. We are told that Jack is a good fellow—heigho! Gotham knows as much about that just now as we do. It ap-

pears he is ambitious and of course New York is the proper place for ambitious youths who have had the good fortune on the desert to make a barrel of money.

Also there was business that required Salsberry's presence in New York. The merger of all the Schwab interests, in which Salsberry is considerably involved, needed this gentle youth's subtle hand to guide into a safe anchorage. A twenty-five million dollar merger is not precisely a boy's undertaking. Charles Schwab, the guiding spirit of the deal, must have been dimly aware of this. Even though he had the experience of forming a billion dollar steel trust, when it came to organizing a copper mine with twenty-five million dollars for capital, Schwab's nerve may have failed him. It needed the assistance of nerve which was hardened under the desert suns.

A few years ago Jack Salsberry, with others not nearly so well known today, leased in Tonopah for a livelihood. By a streak of good fortune he sold a fraction and made a piece of money. More luck of the same kind made a venture in lumber profitable. To-day lumber is one of the best paying commodities on the desert and from this commodity Jack skims the cream. The Tonopah Lumber Company bosses the state and Jack Salsberry bosses the Tonopah Lumber Company. Besides this he is a miner. Also he knows some things and could, if he would, tell lots of people lots of things. He is one of the human products of this desert, that is why the Chuck-Walla has a word to say about him.



"Dust thou art, to dust returnest was not spoken of the soul." That's what Longfellow says. The Chuck-Walla adds: "Nor of the desert." Here we have "dust thou art to gold thou turnest."

**Scotty's
Mine at
Willow Creek**

Death Valley Scotty has ceased to be a sensation. Even in Greenwater his appearance the other day gained him no plaudits. The dogs refused to bark at him while the saloon men in town were scarcely made aware of the visit. It seems

that Scotty has deteriorated in many respects. He has fallen into the unpleasant position of an ordinary piker. His nerve has left him. His money has disappeared. Bombastic words and gigantic boasts about himself have lost their efficacy. Scotty is a dead one, and that is sure.

Poor Scotty, why should he take it so to heart just because the mythical land of his fabulous mine has been prospected by every miner that has come to Greenwater during the last six months. Scotty's gold mine in Death Valley was a myth, of course, every miner knew that. The nearest thing to a gold mine that the Funeral range offers is a copper mine, and neither Scotty nor anyone else could keep up the bluff which this eccentric young cowpuncher perpetrated on the unsuspecting public during the last two years. It was a good thing while it lasted. The marvel is that it should have lasted so long.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, however, and equally slow is the course of justice as pursued by our great and glorious government. Several weeks ago there came up from Los Angeles a party of men who made their way quietly into Death Valley along the course which Scotty was known to go when he traveled in search of his mine. This party followed Scotty's trail until they came to a canyon, commonly called Bill Kay's canyon. It is on the west slope of the Funeral range, not so far from Willow Springs, and here the party found a strong box which had formerly be-

longed to the Wells Fargo Express Company. The box occupied a cache in the canyon but was quite empty. Once it had evidently contained much money. This money was gone. The box was taken by the men and is now in the possession of the federal detectives. It is also whispered abroad now that the government will invite Scotty and Bill Kays to a tea party so that they may explain how the box got into this canyon in Death Valley so very far from the nearest Wells-Fargo express office.

In the meantime Scotty is busily developing a copper mine. The boom at Greenwater tempted him to leave for the time his gyrations about in the land of milk and honey and come to the real Death Valley to make a fortune in copper. He selected some land near Willow Springs, not so very far from where his gold mine was cached, and is now employed with a force of men developing the claims. When he rode into Greenwater the other day he was fitted with an immense Colt's six-shooter, and when he left town he had added to his ammunition one bottle of Mumm's extra dry. His trip to Greenwater, it is said, cost him exactly \$5. Next.



**O, Damn it
All to Hell**

Butte, Montana, at present the biggest copper mining town in the world, once produced a philosopher. The name of this strange offspring of a mining camp was Mary McLean. The last we heard of Mary she was busy in New York or Boston or somewhere writing a new book and refusing proposals of marriage, but that does not interest us now. It is what Mary was, not what she is, that we are discussing. Mary was nothing but a child when

she turned Butte upside down and startled the world by her strange and wonderful ideas. She was a child about nineteen years old, with spindly legs and freckled face and a mean disposition. She wrote foolish things about her own private philosophy of what she called the paripethetic school, spent most of her time lying on her back in the sand hills and cussing herself and everybody else. This finally attracted the attention of some publisher and Mary was a made woman as far as a reputation went, and Butte had added to its list of attractions a philosopher and a literary genius. Finally the tourists who invaded the camp to see Mary got in the way of the miners so much that someone got busy to run Mary out of town and write another philosophy which started something like this:

“Come, devil, tweak my lovely nose
And box my shell-like ear,
And I will smile a sweet young smile
For every devilish leer.
My sad young life is rent in twain
And tied in knots as well.
Oh, damn the whole damned shootin’ match,
Oh, damn it all to hell!”

Instead of going out in the sand hills and kicking his good legs in the air and lying on his back in the sun as Mary claimed she was in the habit of doing, this new philosopher alleged that he was in the habit of going out into the back yard and sitting down in the ash pile, which was more convenient and just as dirty, and kicking “the deserted abode of a dead lobster,” with his number eleven cowhides, which he claimed were just as good as Mary’s good legs.

Well, Mary was nothing but a child, but she was wise enough to see that she was getting joshed a little, and so taking her book under one arm she set out for Boston, the center of culture and philosophy, where a genius and a philosopher should be received with open arms. The newspapers said that she was coming and she was met along the road with the village band and the city fathers out in force and everyone passing her bouquets and proposals of marriage. This palled on Mary before she got to Boston and she stopped off at some town and started to write a new book on the subject of "My Friend Annabel Lee." This fizzled out, however, and Mary is now lying on her back on some sand hill or treading the streets of some country village without the least attraction for any who may hear her name.

Now, Mary may have been a bright girl, but she was also a chump and like most chumps she didn't last long in a mining town. She raised merry hell at the start, but petered out at about the end of the second chapter. One reason was because she was a knocker. She knocked everything from hell to breakfast, and it didn't get her anything in the long run. They didn't tar and feather her in Butte and run her out of town that way. In fact, they were rather proud of her at the start, but she didn't last. She got in the way and what she said was rotten. That was the only reason it ever attracted attention at all. It was so very rotten that the stink ascended to high heaven and the miners kicked. Then someone with more brains and horse sense than politeness made fun of Mary and the offended genius and philosopher, feeling that she was not appreciated, got up and left. This was exactly what was wanted. There was no room in Butte for knockers who went at it as thoroughly as Mary. She didn't do the town any good and she didn't do the peo-

ple any good. She was a dub. So she left and is now forgotten, although all this happened only four or five years ago.

It is merely another illustration of the lack of place in a mining town for a knocker. They don't belong and they had best get out. There is a chance for everyone if he has the necessary stuff in him and if he has not he had better move on. The desert is wide and he can lose himself or get out in some other way. There is room to make good and everything necessary is at hand for the process so it is up to you. Get busy or get out. Philosophy is all right if it is the proper kind, but don't imagine that because you can back up to a bar and entertain a bunch of bums with dope about how rotten the world is that what you say is true.



Everything goes in the desert. Some go out and some go in, depending upon circumstances and the nature of the things themselves.



Up to the present day copper is the only thing that has been found buried in the Funeral range.



What's past is hopeless. What's coming you had best look out for.



Where ignorance is bliss it is wise to be foolish, but where knowledge means money it is best to get wise.



Dante's Inferno was written beneath the sunny skies

and in the shady groves of Italy. Some rising young poet with a wish to emulate and an ambition to succeed should locate in Death Valley.



Christ's parable of the ten talents evidently did not include the desert. The man who digs up the talent here is the one who wins.



Hearing that the Chuck-Walla was a new species of lizard a University of California professor spent four months in Death Valley studying its habits. With the new animal in action it should take him less time than that to get next.

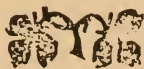


Death Valley and Mt. Whitney, the lowest and highest spots in the United States, are both to be seen from a single point in the Greenwater district. It is merely another illustration of the diversity of interests and the extent of the possibilities here.

Come To Greenwater

The Coming Metropolis of the Western Desert

Greenwater is the supply center for the largest copper district ever discovered. This town of the Funeral Mountains will be a flourishing city in a few months. It holds for the **Investor**, the **Speculator** or the **Homeseeker** the greatest opportunities ever offered by a mining town. In six months it has grown to be a town of 2,000 inhabitants. Real estate values on town lots are jumping upwards each day. **Your Opportunity** to get in right on some good city lots is now. Tomorrow their values may be doubled and the chance to buy them gone. ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕



WRITE OR WIRE YOUR RESERVATIONS TO

The Townsite Company

Greenwater, ✕ Inyo County, ✕ California

**WE CAN DO YOUR
ADVERTISING TO THE
GREATEST ADVANTAGE
TO YOU**

The Advertising

**CONNECTIONS WITH ALL LEADING
DAILY AND COMMERCIAL PAPERS
IN THE UNITED STATES**

The Mining Advertising Agency is conducting a publicity business for the **mining centers** of Nevada and California. It publishes a line of advertising mediums of its own, and has connections with **ALL** the leading daily papers, mining journals and magazines in the United States. Its business is to **attract the attention of the world to the mining properties of Nevada and California**, and it is thoroughly equipped for that purpose. It employs the **best ad writers and publicity men in the business**, and **knowing the conditions in the mining centers is able to attract public attention to INVESTMENTS HERE.**

**ADDRESS The Mining
GREENWATER**

**Write for
Particulars**

Mining Agency

We plan Advertising
Campaigns, publish
Mining Literature, and
do a GENERAL
**PUBLICITY
BUSINESS**

C. E. KUNZE
C. B. GLASSCOCK

Greenwater
Inyo County
California

The Mining Advertising Agency guarantees results, and will interest any class of men desired in your business. It can do this because with its wide connections it reaches various classes through various mediums. **Men with money** can be told of the **advantages** which you offer, or **men with brains** can be brought to aid your business with **mutual** benefit. It will touch the class of people with which you wish to do business without wasting **time, money and effort** on those whom you do not want. **The Mining Advertising Agency** will take your advertising business entirely off your hands and through its knowledge and study of conditions will obtain better results for you with less money than you can do for yourself. Every firm, corporation, company and business house can have its own private advertising man if it will place its publicity business with **The Mining Advertising Agency**.

Advertising Agency
CALIFORNIA

Write for
References and Connections

To Brokers!

We have a proposal to submit to a list of selected brokers in the principal Cities of the United States and Canada. It is made with the view to securing representation for several of the principal copper properties of the Greenwater District. *Immediate correspondence is invited from established brokerage houses located in the leading financial centers and possessing a high-class clientele.* ❀ ❀

The Greenwater Brokerage Company

ARTHUR KUNZE, President

EDW. F. GRADY, Manager

GREENWATER, - CALIFORNIA

The Greenwater Mercantile Company

The Pioneer Store at Greenwater

Robert Brogelman, Manager

Hardware, General Merchandise, Groceries, Clothing

Wholesale Orders for Large Companies a Specialty

We carry a full supply of everything the miner, prospector or business man needs.

Murphy Brothers and Gonway

Biggest Stores at Greenwater and Furnace

Men's Furnishing Goods, Furniture, Stationery, Boots and Shoes

First House of the kind in the Greenwater District.

Brin and Bernstein

Everything for the
MINER, PROSPECTOR
AND THE HOME

GROCERIES/CLOTHING
MEN'S FURNISHING HOUSE

General Mercantile Store

SEE US AT GREENWATER OR FURNACE

The Greenwater Times

BROWN & REBER, Publishers
Greenwater, Inyo Co., Cal.

Was the first established newspaper at Greenwater. It gives all the news in a truthful, reliable manner about the Great Copper District in the Funeral Mountains. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** One year, \$5.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$2.00. Single copy, 10 cents.

Macdonald, Moran & Pennington

U. S. DEPUTY MINERAL SURVEYORS
GREENWATER, INYO CO., - CALIFORNIA

Publishers of the only Official Map of the District. - Price, \$5.00

Address firm above or Macdonald & Moran, Tompahn

Buy Butte & Greenwater Stock

You Want Copper, Not a Prospect

The Butte and Greenwater has a mine if there is one in the Greenwater District. Ten of the best claims in the district, having a surface showing unequalled, with out-cropping ledges, comprise this property. The Schwab ledge, the greatest in the district, cuts across this property. ✂ ✂ ✂ ✂ ✂ ✂

Wallace Corbett, the noted Mining Man from Butte, Montana, says this about the property, in the Rhyolite Herald:

"I visited most of the leading properties at Greenwater, including the Greenwater & Death Valley, Patsy Clark, Furnace Creek, Hank Knight, United Greenwater, Elko and Butte & Greenwater, and all of them look good. The surface showings are as big as I have ever seen anywhere in my travels; they are enormous. And, as far as surface indications are concerned, I consider that the Butte & Greenwater property has just as good a chance to make a big mine as any of them, and I think with development we will be able to show just as good results. We have added another claim to the holdings, having just purchased adjoining ground, which materially strengthens the group.

Development work is in progress. Capital Stock, 1,500,000 shares, 600,000 treasury, par value \$1.00, full paid, non-assessable. ✂ ✂ We offer for public subscription 100,000 shares of treasury stock at 50 cents a share and we recommend the purchase at that price.

Taylor and Griffiths, Brokers, . Rhyolite, Nevada

Thirty Million Dollars in Coppers

HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS AT GREENWATER, CALIFORNIA

MORE than thirty Copper Mining Companies capitalized for more than a million dollars each have in that time been organized in the Greatest Copper District in the world. Some of these individual companies will produce more than a **Hundred Millions** in copper. Their treasure in copper ore is almost unlimited. Others of these companies will never produce a dollar for their stockholders. Their ground is barren of ore. **To know the Good Companies from the Worthless Ones** you must keep posted, and the best way to do this is to read ***The Death Valley Chuck-Walla***. **IT** will tell all the truth about the **Greenwater Copper District** all the time.

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla is entertaining as well as valuable. It appears every two weeks. Single copies cost ten cents. For one year the subscription price is \$1.50. Fill out the form below and send it with \$1.50 to **The Chuck-Walla Company, Greenwater, Inyo County, California.** *o o o o o o o*

The Chuck-Walla Company, Greenwater, Cal.

Send ***The Death Valley Chuck-Walla*** to my address for one year for which find enclosed \$1.50.

Name *Mr. J. H. Smith*

Town *Greenwater*

Street *Main*

State *Cal.*

MILLIONS

== ARE BURIED IN THE ==
FUNERAL RANGE

DEATH VALLEY
== IS A GREAT ==
TREASURE TROVE

TOMBSTONES, are not very numerous in this deathlike country, but monuments marking the greatest prospective **copper mines** in the world are scattered over these **desert mountains** for a distance of **fifty miles**. We have secured the exclusive right to sell the only **RELIEF MAP** of the great **GREENWATER MINING DISTRICT** made, showing a panoramic view of the entire district, and giving the relative locations of all the incorporated mining properties. The map is worth a fortune to any investor who wishes to become acquainted with the district, and cannot visit Greewater. It is the best guide that a visitor to the district can secure. We will send the map to any address for **\$2.00**.

The Mining Advertising Agency
Greenwater, California

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla

A MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Volume 1, Number 3.
Greenwater, California
February the 15th, 1907.

¶ Published on the desert at the brink of Death Valley. Mixing the dope, cool from the mountains and hot from the desert, and withal putting out a concoction with which you can do as you damn please as soon as you have paid for it. ❀ ❀ ❀ PRICE, TEN CENTS

THE THEME OF THE CHUCK-WALLA

The men and the mines, the life and the lore, the wealth and the wisdom of the Western desert comprise the theme of the CHUCK-WALLA. Born on the desert and versed in all things of the desert, it carries to the world the knowledge of what is here. If you don't like it, don't read it. If you do read it remember these facts: What it says is true; what it does is honest; it will call a liar a liar, a thief a thief, or an ass an ass, as is justified, and if you don't like it you may kick and be damned. Its editors are its owners, and will do as they see fit with their own, restricting themselves only in so far as they are restricted by their demand for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and their wish to give the devil his due.

To Brokers!

We have a proposal to offer to a selected number of brokers and promoters in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. It means business for you—business of the **DEPENDABLE** kind — with no “come-back” to it. Business that spells profit for you. Spend the price of a short letter on us today. The investment is trifling. The result will loom large in your 1907 balance sheet. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

The Greenwater Brokerage Company

ARTHUR KUNZE, President

EDW. T. GRADY, Manager

BOX 50 - GREENWATER, CALIFORNIA

Address all letters "Via Greenwater, Cal."
Telegrams "Via Greenwater, Cal."

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Furnace Creek Investment Co.

SIDNEY NORMAN, Manager

Mines and Stocks of the famous
Greenwater Copper District. Prop-
erties managed and accounts kept.
Reliable reports upon application

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED



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L. L. KENNEDY
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
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United States Deputy Mineral Surveyor
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Mining Engineer

Offices at } TONOPAH, NEVADA
 } GREENWATER, CAL.

MILLIONS

== ARE BURIED IN THE ==
FUNERAL RANGE

DEATH VALLEY

== IS A GREAT ==

TREASURE TROVE

TOMBSTONES are not very numerous in this deathlike country, but monuments marking the greatest prospective **copper mines** in the world are scattered over these **desert mountains** for a distance of **fifty miles**. We have secured the exclusive right to sell the only **RELIEF MAP** of the great **GREENWATER MINING DISTRICT** made, showing a panoramic view of the entire district, and giving the relative locations of all the incorporated mining properties. The map is worth a fortune to any investor who wishes to become acquainted with the district, and cannot visit Greenwater. It is the best guide that a visitor to the district can secure. We will send the map to any address for **\$2.00**.

The Mining Advertising Agency
Greenwater, California

We Trail Cattle Across Death Valley

It's a perilous undertaking to drive a herd of cows where man finds the utmost difficulty in crossing. But to supply Greenwater with fresh meat we must do this. To cross from the Owens River valley to Greenwater we cross two high mountain ranges and Death Valley that lies between them. As a result Greenwater has fresher and better meat than Los Angeles or San Francisco. Call at our market in Greenwater.

Greenwater Meat Company

The Greenwater Banking Corporation

GREENWATER, ✱ INYO COUNTY, ✱ CALIFORNIA

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THE PIONEER BANK OF GREENWATER

Transacts a general Banking Business ✱ Safe Deposit Boxes for rent

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

Vol. 1., No: 3.

Greenwater, California

February 15, 1907

¶ Published twice a month by the Chuck-Walla Company. ¶ Application for admisson to the mails as second-class matter is now pending. ¶ Subscription rates, single copy, ten cents. \$1.50 a year. ¶ Advertising rates furnished on application.

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We Get Paid for This

BEYOND THE AMARGOSA !

Beyond the Amargosa where it glides—
Beyond the Amargosa where it hides
In the sand, in the land,
In the heathen desert strand—
Lies Death Valley.

Round about are hills of copper,
Round about are hills of gold,
Round about a desert bitter,
With its mountains, bare and old,
Round about Death stalks vindictive,
As a warning to the bold.

Across the Amargosa men are led,
Across the Amargosa many tread,
Through the lands, through the sands
Where the wealth of ages stands,
In Death Valley.

Men of mettle, men of courage,
Men with nerves like springs of steel;
Men who brave Death Valley's terrors
Throw their lives in Fortune's wheel;
Men who seek Death Valley's treasure
Must be men, superb and real.

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

An Ass
An Editor
And a Knock

Stupidity, assininity and imbecility are qualities that make a poor asset for an editor, yet our friend, Parmeter Kent of the Goldfield Gossip, seems to possess them all. How this young man can walk the streets of so hustling a mining camp as

Goldfield, with pointed ears protruding and fuzzy tail wagging, without being taken into the corral by a prospector for a jackass and put to a respectable use, is a question that perturbs the mind of the Chuck-Walla. It seems a good thing going to waste. The explanation undoubtedly is that it's a case of another damnphool that has wrapped an editorial cloak about him to keep from being shod.

But even an ass may kick a decent canteen into a cocked hat and given a pencil and a weekly paper in which to vent its blithesome brays, this innocuous little beast may cast aspersions upon the best community that ever struggled for life on this heathen desert. This man Kent has taken upon himself the task of shouldering the responsibility of Greenwater's future. He says Greenwater has no future, thereby indicating that he is reckless concerning his own, but he also says that Greenwater has no mines and in that flaunts to the whole world the fact that he is only a poor benighted ass. Think of it: Greenwater has no mine in prospect; no copper ore worth mentioning, nothing at all that will ever make the investor a dollar, nothing but sand and sage brush and some

greasewood! We marvel that Parmeter Kent grants Greenwater that much. Why does he not argue that Greenwater is only a dark hole in the sands of Death Valley, and that this hole has become filled with invisible mud? He might as well. He would be just as convincing as far as the reading public is concerned. This man Kent's logic reminds us of the warm blasts that come from time to time out of Death Valley, only this man Kent's logic has an odor. In fact it is putrid. Listen to some of it as it appeared in a recent number of Kent's Gossip:

"We have dissected reports from as many sources as possible regarding the future of Greenwater and all these agree that the camp would never make a production of copper to amount to anything. Summing up these opinions 'Gossip' concluded that Greenwater ground was a good thing to let alone. If, however, this camp of Greenwater, California, is really a humbug, the game has been well played, and on a scale sufficiently grand to overawe and tempt the public. There is nothing small about this Greenwater proposition. It has been the frolic of millionaires."

Oh, certainly, millionaires are in the habit of spending their millions on a mining camp in the desert just to have a little sport with the American public. Men like Schwab, Senator Clark, August Heinze, Tom Lawson, the Guggenheims and the Standard Oil people, are likely to put their heads together in order to perpetrate a great swindle upon the American public. Having accumulated many billions through their tremendous financial mergers and monopolies of industries, they are now ready to stoop to a petty fraud which in the end might net them a few paltry millions. This is the reasoning of our friend Kent. He says Greenwater is a huge humbug gotten up and financed by millionaires. This sounds very logical,

coming from a man who has in some ways evolved a good magazine, who at times writes with a straightforward honesty. Yet Editor Kent insists that he has made up his mind about Greenwater; that Greenwater must be a fraud, and that to his great regret he has to admit nearly all the millionaires from Boston to Tonopah, and from Butte to Goldfield are in it. He admits that it is uphill work trying to see why they are all in this tremendous bubble of iniquity, but he can't do otherwise. He won't see the copper at Greenwater and he won't come down to look for it. If he came, of course he would have to disbelieve his eyes if he wanted to stick to his present point of view. He prefers to be an ass and to talk like one. He reasons in these words:

"The Butte magnates are falling over themselves to get into Greenwater. Why? Is the ground so good, or is the game so safe with Gates' \$40,000,000 behind it? The East is mad over copper. Is there copper at Greenwater, other than surface indications? All our big men are going in. Tonopah has contributed its pick of millionaires, Goldfield followed suit. Butte is with them. The East is a frenzied mob. What are you bidding on? A bunch of names? What is it you are buying, specimen-copper? You are paying well, by thunder! Paying par value for ground that you know nothing about. After the madness—a reaction; possibly a crash."

Poor fellow. We would really be at a loss to know why he worked up so fine a frenzy about Greenwater if the story were not told in the pages of the same publication wherein he vents his spleen. On page two of this truthful sheet stands a full-page advertisement, costing according to rates announced on another page, \$180, which is signed, Parmeter Kent & Co. The advertisement is headed, "Good news for all

stockholders in the South Nevada Copper Syndicate," and this delightful news appears to consist in that a certain copper property owned and being promoted by ye editor has developed some ore at a depth of thirty feet. This ore is said to be worth over \$70 per ton. Naturally the ad. does not state how much ore was found. At Greenwater ore worth \$70 a ton cannot be found anywhere. If the surface croppings do not show a greater value prospectors won't stake the ground. But the ad. of ye editor tells still more. He is selling, or trying to sell, this valuable stock of his at 4 cents per share. At Greenwater you must pay from fifty cents to a dollar per share because the stock is worth that much to the promoters, but The South Nevada Copper Syndicate goes at the rate of wildcat copper stock, four cents, forty mills, per share, guaranteed to go to 12 cents per share after awhile.

We could devote pages of this maglet in trying to tell the benighted reader how much it costs to develop a copper mine. Copper mines are different from gold mines. That is why the stock costs more at the very start. We could cover pages and pages with figures of such companies as the Greenwater Death Valley Copper Company, which has since it was organized last July spent over one hundred thousand dollars on their mine at Greenwater. Five shafts have been sunk to a depth of one hundred feet each, and gasoline hoists are now going deeper into the copper veins each day at a cost of \$10,000 per month, just for the pay roll of the men. But listen. Our friend Parmeter Kent, who goes into a mad frenzy because people, investors, to whom he wishes to sell his cheap stock, are buying Greenwater stock, is going to sell 200,000 shares of treasury stock in his mine at 4 cents per share so that the money may be used to develop his mine. Think of it. This first allotment of treasury stock is to

bring the company, investors and all, \$8,000. Half of the \$8,000 will go for selling the stock to the public, leaving \$4,000 to develop his mine and his investors' mine. \$4,000 will almost buy a 15-horse gasoline hoist, which is the smallest he can use to sink his shaft deeper than 100 feet, and a copper mine is deep if it exists at all. Our editor with the hammer goes farther in his advertisement to state where his wonderful copper mine is located. Twenty miles south of Goldfield. There is a shack in that place called facetiously Cuprite, because there is nothing there to resemble cuprite, a form of copper ore. Nor is this all.

In another column of this same paper wherein the tirade against Greenwater appears Editor Kent has something to say about the Slate Range, wherein his fabulous copper mine is located. He says:

"Mr. Craddock made a careful examination of some of the large samples of the ore from the Santa Anna on view at our office in Goldfield and pointed out the similarity of constituent parts in the two. He is of the opinion that the Slate Range might produce a copper district in itself that might rival Greenwater."

It is apparent that while Parmeter Kent is just an ordinary ass in his reasoning ability he is a rogue in his motives. Not content to kick vigorously at Greenwater in one column of his paper he uses other space in the same issue to draw a comparison between his copper district and the Greenwater district, frankly asserting that his pinch of copper ore may be found in time to compare favorably with the Greenwater deposit. Pretty crude work, Mr. Kent. If you must knock, get a writer that can do it gracefully. We are reasonably certain that you did not write the knock yourself. From what we read of your signed stuff we have concluded that you have not the skill in the use of the English language that is exhibited in the

Greenwater knock. But even at that, the knock was crude work. Tip it to your star-writer to get next to himself. He is clever enough. Some of his other matter is well done. A knock goes farther than anything else in your paper, make him get next and do his damndest well. As for you, the editor, who is responsible, whether you are the perpetrator or not, your idea is idiotic. You can't hurt Greenwater and do bespatter yourself and your paper with mud. Your brays against the Greenwater district are the brays of an ass. You know nothing about Greenwater, or do not wish to. Yours is the case of the owl—in this instance in the form of our desert nightingale—hooting at the sun. You appear to have been dazed by the copper glitter at Greenwater.



**A Product
of the
Desert**

Reno entertains him, Rhyolite claims him, the desert owns him. Judge L. O. Ray is a product of the desert. Six years ago he came to Tonopah, a cosmopolitan product of the American mines. The camps from Cripple Creek to Butte; from

Cananea to Nome had shaped his course, and the way led him to the Nevada desert. Here he found a home. Here was the cosmopolitan man crystallized into the man of the desert. Here he has remained to make a fortune and to be the friend of all. If today you ask a miner, a prospector, a gambler, or a politician, to name the most popular man in Nevada, he will probably say, Judge L. O. Ray.

If you were to meet him, you would find him with his hands in his pockets, ready to come through with aid if there was need for aid. You would find him wearing a complacent smile, and you would probably

find him talking of the wealth of this land, the advantages of the Nevada mining camps and the desert, the land of the free. You would find him boosting if you found him awake, for the Judge hates a knocker. The Judge boosts all that seems good and he supports with his wealth all the new projects that tend toward the good of the country. At Greenwater he promotes a water company, at Rhyolite he promotes a mine, everywhere he promotes what seems to him good.

Now he is at Reno. His popularity got him a seat in the state legislature. His value there is still to be determined, but we are willing to gamble that it will be for the good of the state. On this desert, where the best to be found are wealth in mineral forms and men, the Judge holds an enviable position, but he holds it in a way that does not gain him envy. Here is to the Judge. May many follow his example. He does not know us, and is not aware this has been written about him, but we repeat, here is to the Judge, the product of the desert.



The Orchestra of Success

"He who toots not his own horn is tootless in the orchestra of success." It is an old adage, but as true in the desert as in any other place in the universe. The evidence of its truth is continually appearing in the success of the men whose

fame and fortune have been made on the desert. These might be cited by the dozen, but to those who have come to the life of the desert such a recital would be unnecessary. They may name to themselves the men who have succeeded here and then if there is one in the number who has not done it through the tooting of his own horn, the constant application of his own

energy and ability, the Chuck-Walla will take the count.

Don't get sore. Don't yell that there "ain't no chanct." Others have succeeded through their own efforts, and on the desert there is an opportunity for everyone. You have the same chance as the last man or the next man. It is a big country with big opportunities, and no one to deny you the right to go ahead in your own way so long as you do not interfere with other people's established rights. It is the place for men to throw off the restraints and the influences which have hampered them through life, and begin again on the ground floor in a new country, among new scenes, and with constantly increasing opportunities of success.

In some form or other you have something that the world needs, be it brain, brawn, copper or canned codfish. Find out what it is. Come to the desert where no questions are asked concerning your past, and only the demand of friendly living made upon you for the present. Here you may discover what you have to offer to the world. If you have been mistaken in your first analysis you may make another here with none to remind you of your first failure. Then when you have discovered what you have to offer, you may improve it by effort and finally toot your own horn and let the world know. You will find plenty of customers. Brain and brawn are needed as well as copper and clothing, and one or the other every man possesses. You may realize on your muscle or on your brains and knowledge or on your copper. After all, it makes little difference what you sell. It is what you get for it that counts for you. The desert is new to the world of men at least, and offers the best market. Get in.

It takes nothing but a knowledge of your resources

and a willingness to use them. Let the world know. Toot your own horn. Don't be bashful. Tell people about it. If you really have what you claim you will have little trouble in convincing them of your honesty. Then success will await you, but it waits first upon the tooting of the horn. The world cannot be expected to know of your offering unless you tell it. Then it is up to you to get busy. Boost your own game. If it is a good one you will win. If it is not good, try another and there will be another chance to win. There is lots of room and lots of opportunity on the desert. It's up to you. Toot your own horn. Boost!



**A Thieving
Eastern
Bear**

A bear has come to Nevada. The gaunt, hungry brute from Wall Street has come to the new mining eldorado to prey on the fat of this land. His depredations made within the last month prove too that he is in no way a brother to the ordinary bruin that at times prowls about the prospector's camp and makes nice warm rugs for our rich folk to walk on. The Nevada visitant is not precisely a bear; he is more nearly a ghost with deadening, destructive proclivities sent abroad into the land of wealth to destroy so that the vandals who control him may fatten where he stalks.

As a result of this visit stocks and mining properties throughout the state have been depressed. Some brokerage firms and stock promoting concerns in the state have been pinched somewhat. The fiasco of the Sullivan Trust Company is attributed directly to this movement on the part of Wall Street stock manipulators to ruin the Nevada mining stock game. Goldfield, being the wild vortex of the Nevada Mining Stock game, be-

came the strategic point for attack, and has suffered most therefrom. Her stocks have gone down more consistently than those of other camps, and that despite the real merits of the properties they represented. Some of the other camps followed somewhat in the wake of this depression, and today a hazy sort of gloom has settled over all. Perhaps this is sufficiently dark to make the cheap robbers in Wall Street rejoice. If so, let them yell with glee. Nevada can well afford this shadow cloud for a brief period. Her days of sunshine and bright financial prospects are by no means at an end. When this cloud has passed they will be brighter than ever.

The wealth of the Nevada mines—her gold and silver and copper—cannot be cheapened by a thieving bunch of cheap stock gamblers who have been forced of late to see the money of their Eastern victims invested in good mines instead of coming into their pockets for worthless stock with which Wall Street has flooded the country. These stock gamblers know something of manipulating a market. They know how to “bear” a market or to “bull” it, whichever may be necessary to get their profits. The securities in which they are in the habit of dealing are always subject to their desires. The Nevada mining stocks are not.

When Eastern investors put their money in Nevada mining stock they get real value for their dollars. These values generally go up and the stock in time becomes a dividend-payer. During the last two years Nevada brokers and stock promoters have sold millions upon millions of shares of such stock throughout the East. The money that Wall Street sharks had been getting came to Nevada, and the sharks were angered. They now believe they have perfected a plan by means of which they can put a stop to this. Re-

cently their plan was put into operation, and it had some effect.

Writers representing Eastern publications were sent into the gold fields and copper fields of Nevada and adjacent California to tell the "truth" about this land of mines. And the alleged truth appeared in the form of one big knock. The Nevada mining stock game was represented as one tremendous fake, a huge gamble, an alleged chase of the will-o'-the-wisp, the phantom wealth that lurked in the hidden lodes and ledges of the desert, but which could never be found. Mining promoters here were all represented as fakers and swindlers who were preying on the Eastern public and using much advertising space in Eastern papers to coax the dollars into the desert. These articles and write-ups of the Nevada mines were printed by publications which have standing with the public, and the result was largely what the Wall Street sharks desired and had planned.

One young man, trained in the school of New York police reporting, came to Goldfield on a mission to dig up the truth. He represented a new journal that boasts of being militant in character. Their slogan is to attack everything that does not suit them. They have adopted the principles of the anarchist. Their cry is to tear down, to rend apart, so that someone else may then rebuild on other lines. This young man came directly to Goldfield, but began his story about Nevada mines as soon as the train which brought him in had passed Hazen. He then concluded that the whole game on the Nevada desert was a gamble for Eastern money. When he struck Goldfield he wrote his first letter to his paper and said what he had concluded.

Lindsey Denison stayed in Goldfield only a few days, but he stayed long enough and said enough

during that stay to do more harm to Goldfield and Nevada than all his contemporaries combined had done. He first made his attack general upon the whole lay-out and then concentrated upon individuals, particularly the Sullivan Trust Company. He says now that L. M. Sullivan so frightened Mrs. Denison with threats that she had to leave for Tonopah, where he completed his write-up of Goldfield and Goldfield stocks. There seems little doubt that the Sullivan break was largely induced by Denison's article in Ridgway's, and a few brokers either in Nevada or San Francisco believe otherwise than that Denison was among those sent out by Wall Street capital to bear Nevada stocks. But his dirty work is at an end. He shot his venomous shaft. Other writers have done the same, yet the effect has been felt only mildly by Nevada, and only a few questionable concerns, whose blood was bad anyway, were seriously injured by the attack. Already with the new year the values of Nevada stocks are beginning to rise. Wall Street with its hired minions of the press can never throw enough dirt onto Nevada gold and silver and copper to cover up the values. The ore is in the mines and the men promoting them know how to get it out. Dividends will continue to be paid, and the value of the mining stock purchased by Eastern investors will continue to go up. One lie or a million lies cannot conceal the truth about the Nevada mines.



Conceit is merely self-respect when the man who has it will allow other men equal privilege.



Petition blanks from the United States postal department to Greenwater, want to know how far "the Village" is from the next nearest "village." Next!

Skidool

Up the hills from Ballarat some
forty miles or more,
The man who made the Panamints,
he left a ledge of ore;
The man who made the Panamints
had something on his mind,
He left the ledge of ore in sight
for you and me to find;

It's forty miles from Ballarat, the mountains there are
blue,

The place is numbered twenty-three, they've named
the spot Skidool!

Strangely enough, too, instead of being a hoo-doo to the place, this name of Skidool is stepping rapidly and boldly forward into the popularity of the other desert mining camps. Skidool is one of the newest gold mining camps in the wheel of fortune that has its hub at Goldfield. Skidool is only a few months old, as a town, and its almost inaccessible location on the side of the high Panamints on the east slope of Death Valley makes a journey there an undertaking for a man. From Greenwater Skidool is about fifty miles. From Ballarat in Death Valley it is forty-five miles. From Rhyolite through Echo canyon it is forty-five miles. Another way to Skidool is over the Panamints by way of Randsburg.

Gold is the lodestone of Skidool. The man who named the town may have been a humorist, he may have been satirical or wanted to be; on the desert it is always difficult to discern the motive that suggested the name for a place, but certainly the name has been anything but a hoodoo. Gold seems to be there in bulky quantities and it is free milling, high grade, making it a proposition for the poor prospector as well as for the wealthy promoter. The district is named the Wild Rose district from the Wild Rose

mine, which is the best in the district. The locators of the district were John Ramsey, Matt Hovic and Montgomery, of Bullfrog and Shoshone fame. Thinking to improve on the name they have given Hovic's cognomen to the postoffice. If you wish to send a letter to Skidoo, address it Hovic, California. It is wise, however, to place the name Skidoo somewhere on the address so that the stage driver will know where Hovic is.

One of the active promoters of the town, and an enthusiast in its future prospects, is Arthur Holliday, formerly a newspaper man in Los Angeles. Holliday bought in with Ramsey, and these hold one of the best properties in the camp. A stage line to Skidoo will soon be in operation from Rhyolite, through Echo canyon. The elevation of the town is about 6,000 feet above Death Valley.



**The Pot of
Gold in
Death Valley**

Since the day when Adam was first kicked out of his fool's paradise at Eden, he and his children have been seeking the Almighty's treasure trove. Just how Adam or his numerous sons got wise that the Lord had his wealth cached somewhere is a matter of history and quite too long a story to tell here, but they got wise and began to search, and to this day have been spending much of their short period of existence in this pursuit. And to keep up their courage, He who hid the riches, or some of his managers, have shown the sons of Adam from time to time where some of this wealth was deposited, but the treasure thus unearthed was always insufficient. The find was never great enough. The big pot of gold and silver and copper and lead, of diamonds and

jewels and such, remained a vision for men of all ages to dream about.

Marco Polo, who was something of a traveler and a prospector, and possibly a liar, said it was in the East Indies. Columbus, believing this story, persuaded a queen to grubstake him. He crossed the big pond and found a continent, but no treasure. Some of the greedy Spaniards followed him and came a little nearer to the real thing. They listened to stories told them by Indians. They were the first to learn that the mountains of wealth for which they sought lay in the desert, and they had the nerve to try to find them there. From time to time a present-day prospector still kicks up some of their bones, where for centuries the sun and alkali and wind have been baking them. These Spaniards saw the rainbow with its pot of gold at the end, but this end was just beyond their reach. Today we know that the pot of gold was there.

Today we know that the rainbow of wealth has its ends in the biggest pot of gold that man ever dreamed of. We know that the glitter of riches which for centuries has lured men on leads to the desert, and we are reasonably certain that one end of this rainbow at least, with its pot of wealth has a base in the mountains of the Nevada desert. Mountains of gold, mountains of silver, mountains of copper and of lead and precious stuff have ceased to be a vision for dreamers to write about. The man who told a thousand tales in Arabia for the amusement of a king, so that his head would not be cut off, had been in Nevada. He brought his heroes into Death Valley. There is no doubt about this, for the wealth he told of and the riches he pictured to his hearer are found there, and only there. A few facts about Nevada and the Death Valley country will substantiate this. The mountains of precious metals are no longer a vision for

dreamers. They exist in reality and have been found, located and recorded with the mineral recorders of this country. Location monuments are dotted over them. Wealth in such fabulous sums that it staggers the imagination has fallen into the hands of individuals. Even the resources of John D. Rockefeller appear as insignificant when compared with the resources of Borax Smith, or the copper kings that have acquired the best holdings in Death Valley land.



**A Mountain
of Borax**

Mt. Blanc, approximately 1500 feet high and two miles in diameter, is a mass of pure borax. It is the property of one man. Frank M. Smith of Oakland, owns this mountain absolutely, and thereby controls the visible supply of borax in the world. The market value of this deposit of borax where it lies is something over \$100 a ton. Experts estimate that the mountain has at least three billion tons of borax in it. At \$100 per ton the value of this mountain can be computed in billions by anyone who will multiply 100 by three. This mountain standing at the north end of the Funeral range within a stone's throw of Death Valley makes Borax Smith easily the richest man in the world from a point of resources. But this borax deposit is merely a lining for the pot of gold that rests in the Funeral range.

Some fifty miles south of Mt. Blanc, at the other end of the Funeral range are nitre deposits. The full extent of this deposit of nitre no one appears to know. All of it is claimed by prospectors. These nitre hills cover an area of many square miles. It is nearly the pure stuff that these hills contain, and United States government geologists say that it is the largest nitre

deposit in the world. The powder trust owns all that the government has left of this nitre and declines to make an estimate of its value. Some miner with a sense for the atrocious has calculated that the entire deposit, if refined, converted into acid and detonated, would split the whole state of California away from the continent and make it a floating island in the Pacific. What the jar would do to the native sons he declines to consider.

Between these billions upon billions of dollars' worth of borax and of nitre are the copper deposits of the Funeral range. Already these copper deposits are known to cover five to six hundred square miles. It remains a question yet as to the depth of these copper ledges, but the question is not a large one. The most skeptic experts that have examined the Funeral range copper ledges admit that the ore in sight is sufficient to fill a very large pot at the foot of the rainbow with its worth in gold. But the pot that rests in the mountains at Death Valley has other wealth besides the copper and the borax and the nitre.

East of the Funeral range are mountains of silver and of lead. The Skull mountains are made of these metals even as the Funeral mountains are made of copper. And in the opposite direction, across Death Valley in the Panamint mountains have been located ledges of gold. The town of Skidoö is settled on a golden base. Whether its wealth will be as great as that of Goldfield or Tonopah or Bullfrog remains to be seen, but the ore is there, and the ore is rich. The pot at the foot of the rainbow is full as it is, and it may be that Skidoo will pile her wealth about this pot, just to convince the world that the Almighty's treasure trove for which the sons of Adam have sought since the old man left Eden has been found in the desert by Death Valley.

**An Atlas
of the
Desert**

Amargosa—A railroad station and siding on the Las Vegas & Tonopah railroad, fifty miles north-east of Greenwater. It is the station from which most of the supplies, the mail and passengers to Greenwater leave the railroad. It

is on the line connecting with the Salt Lake railroad at Las Vegas. One train from Las Vegas arrives daily.

Amargosa Desert—Known as the desert of bitterness. The most terrible desert in the United States. Extends from Funeral Mountains to Bullfrog, a distance of eighty miles. Impassable in summer without a plentiful supply of water.

Amargosa River—Longest underground river in the world. Rises near Beatty at the head of the Amargosa desert and flows for more than 150 miles, finally losing itself in Death Valley. In winter the river occasionally appears on the surface, and become extremely dangerous, having treacherous quicksands.

Ash Meadows—A ranch, watering place and road house, twelve miles from Amargosa station on the road to Greenwater. The probable location of the Greenwater copper smelter.

China Ranch—A road house near the mouth of the Amargosa river. Formerly owned and farmed by Chinese. Now the rendezvous of prospectors, and a stopover for travelers between Greenwater and the Tonopah & Tidewater or Borax Smith railroad, which connects with the Santa Fe at Ludlow.

Death Valley—The lowest valley in the United States. Lying between the Funeral mountains and the Panamint range near the eastern boundary of California. Average width 10 miles; length 150 miles. Too hot for vegetable or animal life. Often impassable in

summer, even to those who carry water. Supposed to contain many rich mines, but on account of conditions never thoroughly explored.

Funeral Mountains—One long range and two shorter ranges near the eastern boundary of California. The mountains in which is located the Greenwater copper district. Producing no vegetation other than sagebrush and greasewood.

Front—The railroad station at the northern end of the Tonopah & Tidewater railroad. Fifty miles south of Greenwater. Trains connecting with the Santa Fe at Ludlow arrive daily. Passengers and freight reach Greenwater from this station.

Furnace—A town of 500 inhabitants located five miles from Greenwater in the Funeral mountains. Rich copper deposits are located in the vicinity, and mines are flourishing.

Furnace Creek—A creek of warm water thirty miles northwest of Greenwater, flowing toward Death Valley. Supplies some water to prospectors and animals.

Furnace Creek Ranch—Located at the head of Furnace Creek canyon on the brink of Death Valley. Hottest ranch in the world. Flies die there from the heat in summer. At present little more than a watering place.

Greenwater—The metropolis of the desert; located near the top of the longest range of the Funeral mountains. It has 2000 inhabitants and is the center of the great Greenwater copper district. Though situated in California, the only practical route of entry is through Nevada, as it is shut off from the coast by Death Valley. It is situated on the brink of Death Valley, though its altitude is such as to give it almost perfect climate throughout the year.

Skeleton Peak—Most prominent peak in the Funeral mountains. Lies in the first range at the edge of the

Amargosa desert. Has ribs like those of a skeleton marked in its sides. It is to have a water reservoir on its summit to which water will be pumped and thence drawn for the supply of Greenwater.

Willow Creek—A stream on the Death Valley slope 15 miles south of Greenwater. Contains good water, and supplies prospectors in the vicinity. Valuable copper deposits have been located in the vicinity and are being opened up.



Details Of Development

With each issue the Chuck-Walla gives a brief account of the extent of the work done and being done upon the various properties which are located in the Greenwater copper district. This information is gathered at first hand and is correct in every detail. It gives owners, stockholders and prospective buyers an exact line upon what development is going on upon their properties, and shows conclusively whether their money is going into the improvement of their holdings or into the pockets of the promoters and brokers who have it in charge. Space in these pages is not for sale to any concern, the facts only being given for the enlightenment of those who wish to know the truth concerning the development in progress upon properties in which they are financially interested.

The extent of work on the property of each company, the amount of money and effort being expended and the results obtained will be given correct and up-to-date in each issue, and occasionally such facts regarding the reliability of the men most interested as will tend to a complete knowledge of the situation will appear. Where men whose reputation carries a guar-

antee of good faith are interested in the concern, such mention will be made. Altogether the following paragraphs form an accurate guide to conditions existing on various properties in the Greenwater district.

It is the aim of the Chuck-Walla to supply reliable information to the public, and for the benefit of any who do not find the desired information in its pages it will print replies to queries, where such replies seem apt to be of general interest.



**Is Your Money
Going Into
The Ground**

Greenwater Death Valley Copper Company.—Largely controlled by Charles Schwab, John Brock, Donald B. Gillies. Its claims comprise all of the original locations of Arthur Kunze in the Greenwater district, these having the best surface

showings in the Funeral range. The property of this company now forms sixty-eight per cent of the Schwab merger stock.

Five shafts have been sunk, all to a depth of more than 100 feet. Three gasoline hoists have been installed. Two more hoists are en route to Greenwater. The deepest shaft is Copper Glance No. 2, cutting the Copper Glance vein of ore. Depth of shaft is 140 feet. The vein was cut at 80 feet, where they encountered 12 feet of ore which averaged 14 per cent copper, \$3.80 per ton in gold and 8 ounces in silver. A 25-horsepower gasoline hoist has been installed on this shaft.

The Junction shaft on this property is a three-compartment shaft now down to a depth of 70 feet. A 50-horsepower gasoline hoist has been installed here, and a 90-horsepower compressor has been ordered. The shaft cuts the Copper Queen vein of ore and the Copper Glance vein where these veins meet. The

shaft has been sunk through high-grade ore the entire distance of its depth.

Queen shaft No. 3, located near the company's offices, warehouse and shops, has been equipped with a 15-horsepower hoist. The shaft was sunk to a depth of 100 feet on an incline. It is now being straightened to a vertical shaft. In cutting through the foot wall to straighten this shaft the ledge was cut a distance of 22 feet, all of which ran in high-grade ore; averaging 10 per cent copper. The company's experts believe that this ledge goes in fully 28 feet farther, making it 50 feet in width.

Copper Glance shaft No. 5 has been sunk to a depth of nearly 80 feet. A hoist has been ordered for this shaft, but has not been installed. The Wanda shaft and the Black Jack shaft will also be fitted with hoists this Spring. The Saw-Tooth shaft has been started. Jerry Rourke, formerly manager of the Original mine in Butte, Mont., said to be one of the best copper mining men in the business, has been made general manager of the merger mines and now supervises the work on the above shafts.

Furnace Creek Copper Company.—This company is controlled by Patsy Clark of New York. It is the oldest property in the Greenwater district and is located at the town of Furnace, four miles from the Schwab mines. One shaft has been sunk to a depth of 480 feet. A cross-cut was made at the 250-foot level. Small stringers of ore were cut. The formation is in granatic porphyry. A hoist has been installed. Development work on this property has been carried on for nearly a year.

Clark Copper Company.—Located northeast of the Furnace Creek Company, controlled by J. Ross Clark and H. L. Percy. A shaft has been sunk to some depth through high-grade ore averaging nearly 30 per

cent copper. The work is in charge of James Harvey.

Hank Knight Group.—Controlled by Roger Knox of Tonopah. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 40 feet. This property is located two miles above the Schwab property and the promoters hope to find the Copper Glance vein as well as the Queen vein which should cut this property. The shaft was cut through a capping of 30 feet all in ore. A 15-horsepower gasoline hoist has been ordered, and when installed the shaft will be sunk to a depth of 300 feet. George Badgett, the man that located the ore vein in the Montana-Tonopah mine, is manager of the work.

Kempland Copper Company.—Located on the Death Valley slope of the mountains just above the town of Furnace. A tunnel has been driven 140 feet long 200 feet below the surface showings. 16 feet of ore were cut on a cross-cut. James Harvey is manager of the workings.

Greenwater and Furnace Creek Copper Company.—Financed by Off-McGarvin and Brown of Los Angeles. Managed by A. J. Messer. Property located northwest of Furnace. Has good ground and surface showings. Development in progress. Stock listed at 50 cents.

Greenwater-Saratoga Company.—Ground located south of Greenwater town and the Schwab mines. One shaft being sunk. A 15-horsepower hoist ordered and on the way to Greenwater. F. H. Fletcher of Goldfield, manager of works. Stock listed at 60 cents.

Greenwater Red Boy Mining Company.—Ground adjoins the Saratoga. Similar showing and amount of work done on one shaft. 15-horsepower hoist being installed. F. H. Fletcher, manager of works. Stock listed at 60 cents.

Greenwater Copper Mining Company.—Company controlled by local men, including Arthur Kunze, H.

G. Ford and the Greenwater Brokerage Company. Located south of the Red Boy and Saratoga companies. Eight claims with good surface showings. Work on development commenced. One shaft being sunk is all in high-grade ore from the surface down.

East Greenwater Copper Company.—Located 12 miles east of Greenwater in the second range of the Funeral mountains. Surface indications are very good. Development work begun. George Badgett manager of works.

Buster Brown Group.—Located near the Schwab mines. Controlled by Roger Knox. Development work in progress under supervision of George Badgett. Shaft sunk to a depth of 40 feet through andesite capping. Ore has been encountered.

South Greenwater Copper Company.—Ground located at South Greenwater or Miller Springs. Location very good and surface showing fine. Two shafts have been started and a wide ledge of ore has been cut. Company being promoted by John S. Hills, of New York and Tonopah. Stock listed at par. Wesley W. Warren of Butte, manager of works.

Butte and Greenwater Copper Company.—Property located south of Greenwater Death Valley Copper Company. Surface indications excellent, and location good. Company controlled by Wallace Corbett of Butte. Stock listed and sold by Taylor & Griffiths of Rhyolite at 50 cents. Par value \$1. Work on shaft has been commenced.

Pittsburg-Greenwater Copper Company.—Financed by Eastern capital. Ground located in the Black Buttes; 25 miles southeast of Greenwater. Development work in progress under supervision of McGerry.

Furnace Creek South Extension Copper Company.—Ground located near Patsy Clark property. Company promoted by L. M. Sullivan Trust Company of

Goldfield. Work on shaft has been suspended for lack of funds.

United Greenwater Copper Company, Brock Syndicate, El Capitan, and Revenue Group.—These companies and properties have been consolidated with the Greenwater Death Valley Company into the Schwab merger property, capitalized at \$25,000,000.



**The
Sullivan
Fiasco**

The fiasco of the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company of Goldfield is now ceasing to be an absorbing topic of conversation among brokers and mining men throughout the United States, but such a fiasco as it was, deserves a word in passing. It received many words from many people for a time, and these well mixed with curses on the heads of the company and its directorate. Now it is forgotten in its reconstruction, but there remains something yet to be said on the effect of the smash.

The company was cordially disliked by every honest promoter and broker in the mining centers. The company was known to be putting the money from its sales of stock into manipulation of the market to keep up the values of stock instead of putting the same money into the mines to develop their value. The outcome of this could be readily foretold, and mining men who studied conditions were not surprised at the crash. They knew that such a crash was inevitable, and that it would, when it came, cause a scandal which would make the public suspicious of other companies and so hurt the business. For this reason they justly hated the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company and consequently shed no tears at its disgrace. Now the honest men are busy trying to clean the smirch of the Sullivan gang's

disgrace from the honest concerns which have been spattered in the process.

The Sullivan gang has received help from some unknown quarter, and is allowed a definite time in which to make good. The result of that opportunity to make good is awaited with interest. The men who are behind it are each backbiting the other, and evidently trying to get out of the mess with as much of their dirty money as possible. So the honest men of the desert mines are as distrustful of the gang as before, and are merely trying to keep as much away as possible. Such fiascos are known to set the mining business back by raising suspicions against good and bad alike, in the minds of outside people. Therefore, the end is awaited with hopes that it may be soon. Crooked concerns are not wanted, and if the members of the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company, now in their last few months of grace turn their attention to robbing each other that they may get out with as much as possible, the mining world and the general public will at least be safe from their dirty work. In proof of their intention of fighting among themselves we have the words of Graham Rice, the manager of the concern. A more hypocritical outburst than that which he gave to one of the recent San Francisco papers it would be hard to imagine, and in the depths of his hypocrisy may be seen the character of a man who before all things and all obligations to the public will pull his own dirty dollars out of the mess. Here is some of his dope given to some trusting young reporter who gladly returned to his office and wrote of Graham Rice as the mainstay of the corporation, and the guiding star which should lead it back to life.

"The present directorate is too vulnerable, and I think that the business of the Sullivan Trust Company would be best furthered by the elimination of their

personalities. There is Larry Sullivan. Objection is made to him that he was once a saloon-keeper. Why a man once in the liquor business should not turn out as good a mining promoter as one graduated from any other business or profession I fail to see. But we will accept the prejudice and bow to it." Now what do you think of that? Graham Rice, a known jail-bird and ex-convict, is willing to submit to a prejudice against a saloon-keeper and throw him out of the company. He is too generous. His attitude illustrates, however, the attitude of the rest. It is dog eat dog, and that until the end. Every man in the company, saloon-keeper or convict, is after what he can get out of it, and the chances are that at the end of the period of probation, there will be no more company. The present men will make their getaway. The new ones may be decent. The company and all its directors, including Graham Rice, have done more harm to the mining business than any other ten liars in the country, and the sooner they kill each other the better for all concerned.



Skeleton canyon in Death Valley is said to be the rendezvous of the ghosts of departed prospectors who found an untimely grave in this valley of horrors.



Warning to the
Stock-buying
Public

The Chuck-Walla has been unable to locate in the Greenwater district the properties of the Greenwater Death Valley Mining Company, promoted by the C. M. Sumner Investment Securities Company of Denver, or the Greenwater Consolidated Mining Company, of Los Angeles. Both of these concerns are advertising extensively stocks in

their respective companies, and allege to have valuable ground in the best portion of the Greenwater Copper district. They sell their stock cheaply, at 4 cents and 5 cents per share, and their prospectuses read in the most alluring manner. But buyers should be careful before buying.

The Greenwater Consolidated Mining Company alleges to have 200 acres of valuable copper land located near the holdings of Schwab, Clark, Heinze and the other copper kings in the district. This is impossible. The holdings of these men are so widely scattered and so distant from each other, that no company can own 200 acres near all of them. Furthermore the land near the best properties in the district has all been staked, surveyed and mapped, yet we fail to find the land of the Greenwater Consolidated Mining Company on this map. Where are their holdings of 200 acres? Better find out this fact before you invest your money. Greenwater is a tremendous district. They may have good land, but we have failed to find it on any map, nor do the descriptions given in their advertisements show where the land is.

The Greenwater Death Valley Mining Company evidently has intended to rest somewhat on the similarity of the name of their company to that of The Greenwater Death Valley Copper Company, which is controlled by Charles Schwab, and is conceded to be the best property in the whole district. The Denver concern promoting this company alleges to have two claims located four miles north of the town of Greenwater. This would bring the location very near the town of Furnace, which is about four miles from Greenwater. The land near Furnace is all owned by other companies, however, so we cannot find where the claims of this Denver concern are. Also two claims are a very poor beginning for a copper mine.

Nearly all of the good companies own from six claims upward to 20 claims in their corporation. We suspect that both these concerns are doing a wildcat business, but we cannot say so positively. We advise you to investigate carefully, however, before entrusting your money to the promoters of the companies.



**The
Modern
Mohammeds**

There is a legend still current in Arabia and among other lands whose inhabitants profess the Mohammedan religion, into which there is woven a story which is now famous the world over. This story is that of Mohammed and the mountain.

Briefly, it seems that for some reason Mohammed, the prophet of God, wished to get to a certain mountain. Trusting in his power as the prophet of God he prayed that the mountain should come to him. In some way it seems that Mohammed slipped up on himself and in the end was forced to hit the trail and go to the mountain as other men were in the habit of doing. At the finish of course Mohammed reached the mountain after the necessary amount of walking and finally succeeded in obtaining what he went after. The moral of the tale is apparent, and the story has consequently come to be a common method of illustrating the necessity of going after anything which is wanted.

The great advantage of the tale is in the greatness of the man originally implicated. Even Mohammed, the prophet of God, when it came to a show-down, was forced to go out and hunt for what he wanted. With this great illustration before us, the habit of going after the goods has come to be the only one in vogue, and is used by rich and poor alike. If a thing

is wanted get out after it. That is the whole theory of success. In that connection we have a little story of such a quest in Death Valley, which is of interest to many people.

Death Valley has for years been considered the bogie country of the United States. It is the place of mystery and death; "the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns." In the past this idea has been strengthened by the numberless tragedies which have had their beginning in this place of death, and their awful ending in some desolate spot among its chasms. Only too few of the many who have entered there have ever returned to tell of its horrors. The stories of many of these have only added to the horror and mystery of the great valley. With the story of "Death Valley Scotty," and his wild trip across the country and his briefly sensational advertising, Death Valley came to be even more widely known.

This man was supposed to have gone to the mountain and there to have obtained what he wished. Many others attempting to emulate him, have fallen by the way. Of these the greater number were unknown and unheralded. Now other men have taken up the invasion of "the undiscovered country," and are changing it from a land of mystery into a land of gold. These men are practical illustrations of the legend of Mohammed and the mountain. They are not unknown prospectors hitting the trail to die alone and unheard of in the waste of desert, which they seek to conquer. As Mohammed was the leader in the religion which bears his name, they are the leaders in the great game of finance as typified in the great mines of the world. Their idea is to get what they want from the mountain. Failing in prayers that the mountain should come to them they are willing to take up the

journey to the mountain. This they are doing daily, and in that journey are lifting the veil of mystery from the many legends of Death Valley and instead are flooding it with the light of truth and fact.

Instead of prospectors and burro trains plodding over the miles of burning sands to be lost at last so completely as only to add to the horror and mystery of the land, these new men are entering with the means at hand to make their journey possible, and are returning to tell the public that Death Valley is not a land of mystery, but a land of fact. The myths of gold mountains are crumbling, and in their place is coming the assurance that there is wealth in mineral form, real, substantial and ready to be taken out by men who know. There are no nuggets of fabulous value to be found. There are none to say that such riches exist. Instead there is plain fact, backed by evidence of ore, rich in the many precious metals and accessible to the world if approached sanely and with judgment as to means instead of fear as to results. The mystery of Death Valley is no more. Many who have tried to solve it lie dead in its wastes, but others have returned to tell that it is a real land which may be treated by mankind as other sections of the world less rich in legend and one-time myth.



**Copper
Companies
Good and Bad**

The tremendous area over which the copper deposits in the Funeral range are spread has afforded opportunity to nearly all the large copper miners in this country to acquire good ground in the Greenwater District. Some of the companies or-

ganized and whose stock is offered to the public have ground in the district that is not very valuable from

a point of location, and they have done nothing to find out whether they have copper on their land. On the other hand nearly all of the large moneyed interests who have acquired ground are employing men in development work. In the following list of companies we have such information as we give about them from observation, and will vouch for it. About some we know nothing and a blank following their names will indicate this. This list will appear in each issue of The Chuck-Walla, revised to keep pace with the progress of all the listed concerns.

Anaconda Consolidated Copper Co., of Greenwater.

Brock Syndicate Group.—Merger company.

Butte & Greenwater Copper Co.—Working, good ground.

Consolidated Greenwater Copper Mining Co.

Copper Oxide Co.

Copper Sulphite Co.

Clark Copper Co.—Working.

Furnace Creek Copper Co.—Patsy Clark, working.

Furnace Creek Extension.—Heinze.

Furnace Creek South Extension.—Sullivan, work suspended.

Furnace Creek Copper Oxide Co.—Cleary, manager.

Furnace Valley Co.—Good location.

Gladstone Greenwater Copper Development Co.—Butte interests, working.

Greenwater Arcturus Copper Co.—T. L. Oddie, Pres. Located at Willow Creek.

Greenwater Bimetallic Copper Co.

Greenwater Calumet Copper Co.

Greenwater Consolidated Copper Co.

Greenwater Copper Mining Co.—Arthur Kunze, Pres. Good ground, working.

Greenwater Consolidated.

Greenwater Copper Helmet Co.

Greenwater Black Jack Copper Co.—Good location.
Greenwater Death Valley Copper Co.—In Schwab merger, sinking five shafts.

Greenwater Ely Consolidated Copper Co.

Greenwater El Capitan Copper Co.—In merger,

Greenwater Furnace Valley Copper Co.—Working, good showing.

Greenwater Pay Copper Co.—Good location.

Greenwater Red Boy Copper Co.—Good showing, working.

Greenwater Superior Copper Mining Co.

Greenwater Saratoga Copper Co.—Adjoins Red Boy, working.

Kempland Copper Co.—Working, good showing.

Knox Group.—Working, good ground.

Kunze Consolidated.—Company suspended.

Montana Furnace Creek Copper Co.

Pittsburg Greenwater Copper Co.—Ground 25 miles south of Greenwater, working with good indications.

Revenue Group.—In merger company.

South Greenwater Copper Co.—Working, good indications.

United Greenwater Copper Co.—In merger company.



**We Get
Paid for
This**

In the advertising section of this maglet you may run across an announcement of The South Greenwater Copper Company. The Chuck-Walla has this property listed in its columns and so far sees no reason why it should not stamp its seal of

approval upon the outfit. It's good property from a point of location, they have good surface showings and the company is spending its money on develop-

ment, all good indications. But for some strange reason The Mining Advertising Agency, which is our publicity concern, is forbidden to mention the men who are directors for the South Greenwater Copper Company in its advertisement of this property. We have no such delicacy and are glad to come to the rescue of our press agent. Besides the list is a pretty good one. Read it.

Senator T. L. Oddie,
Roger C. Knox,
R. C. Moore,
Malcolm Smith,
John S. Hills.

Even the Tonopah Banking Corporation has hooked up with the outfit and acts as depository for the money and stock. It's all right. The editor of The Chuck-Walla has no objection to see the maglet's publicity men in this company.



On the desert his thirst may cost a man his life.



When in Rome, do the Romans before they do you.



On the desert the jackass leads the tide of civilization.



Men who object to graft in politics should come to Greenwater. As yet the town has no political administration.



The difference between a man who roasts and a man who knocks is the difference between a man who knows and a man who thinks he knows.

GREENWATER

IS THE COMING CITY OF THE
GREAT NEVADA AND DEATH VALLEY MINERAL BELT

It lies in the heart of the marvelous Funeral range mountains, in which have been located the largest copper, borax and niter deposits known to man, deposits that in dollars mount into **BILLIONS**.

GREENWATER will be the center of three railroads. The Tonopah Tidewater Railroad (Borax Smith's Road) is building there by way of Death Valley and the old Borax Tanks in the flat of the Amargosa, from where originated the famous 20-Mule Team outfit. The Tonopah & Las Vegas Railroad, (Clark's Road) is building to Greenwater by way of Amargosa. The Tonopah & Goldfield Railroad is building to Greenwater from Beatty. All these roads will be completed to the great copper city within six months.

A \$5,000,000 water supply system is now being built for Greenwater.

The Schwab Merger Copper mine, the largest individual mine in the entire Nevada Death Valley mining district, capitalized at \$25,000,000 is located within a stone's throw from the heart of Greenwater.

This merger corporation is now building a \$2,000,000 smelter near Greenwater for the reduction of the Greenwater copper ore. This company is also planning to build a railroad. Two telephone lines and two telegraph lines are already doing business at Greenwater. The city has today a population of 2,000 inhabitants. It is striding forward ahead of all its desert competitors.

BUT WHAT ABOUT REAL ESTATE?

Since the first of December lots have doubled in value. This is due to the fact that there is no question whatever about the permanency and future of the place. Greenwater is destined to be the richest mineral producing city on the whole globe. City lots at Greenwater are now the best conservative investment you can find. Come and see for yourself or write for information about town lots to

EDWARDS & BARLOW

AGENTS FOR

The Greenwater Townsite Company, Greenwater, Cal.

SOUTH GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY

The Greenwater district is becoming better and better recognized as one of the greatest copper camps in the country as new strikes are made from day to day in every peak of the Funeral Range, and as shafts are disclosing on the various properties that the ore bodies, which show so remarkably on the surface, do not become exhausted with depth. The wealth of the district has been known for a good many years, but lack of transportation facilities has retarded its development. With three railroads building into Greenwater, however, this condition becomes a thing of the past, and one company after another is commencing active operations. A smelter is being built within a short distance of the town for the reduction of the Greenwater ores and plenty of excellent fluxes are available in the district. Many of the most important operators in the country, including Messrs. Schwab, Brock, Clark, Newhouse, Oddie and Heinze, have acquired large interests after receiving favorable reports from their experts.

LOCATION OF THE SOUTH GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY.

The South Greenwater Copper Company owns and has perfect title to sixteen claims, with a total area of about two hundred and fifty acres, located some fifteen miles southeast of the town of Greenwater, at a place known as Rattlesnake Point. This situation is ideal as regards transportation, since all three of the railroads now building into Greenwater will have to build their lines past this company's property. Their surveys are already completed. The Tonopah Tidewater (Borax Smith's) railroad, following the old Daggott road, is now in full operation past South Greenwater

and within one mile of the South Greenwater mine. This road will be completed early this spring to Greenwater. The other two roads, Clark's road from Amargosa and the Goldfield-Tonopah Road from Rhyolite, will also be at Greenwater within six months.

ORE SHOWING.

Many mining companies are organized on claims having no surface showings whatever, the hope being held out to investors that ore may be found after a shaft has been sunk five hundred or a thousand feet. In the case of the South Greenwater, however, the company has two veins outcropping on the surface, one being a true fissure vein about seven feet wide, with good hanging and foot walls. At a depth of only ten feet sulphide ore was taken from this vein by the men at work on the shaft. No better indications as to the permanency of the deposit could be had. The second vein is forty feet wide and outcrops about one hundred yards from the first, and trends in a slightly different direction, indicating a junction of the two under Miller mountain. Our experts believe that a large body of ore lies at the junction of these two veins.

DEVELOPMENT WORK DONE.

For two months past a force of men has been employed on these claims doing development work. Three shafts have been started. Shaft No. 1 has been sunk to a depth of twenty feet in that time. Shaft No. 2 has been sunk down ten feet, and a third shaft is now being worked down into the ore deposit under the mountain. From the work thus far done it appears that the two veins which were at first discovered are feeders to the main vein which has a course of north 43 degrees east and on the surface is forty feet wide.

Along the foot wall of this main vein a galena lead pay streak has been uncovered which is six inches in width and carries almost solid lead ore with occasional oxides and carbonates of copper. This showing has proved the theory of the main vein above stated and indicates that there is every reason to believe that a large body of sulphide ore carrying better values in copper and a high percentage of lead will be found under the mountain at the junction of the two veins. This will make the South Greenwater copper property very valuable.

A gasoline hoist has been ordered from Los Angeles and will be installed as soon as it can be brought to South Greenwater.

WATER SUPPLY.

In the Greenwater district the water supply is a vital question. Miller Springs in Miller mountain are now giving an adequate supply of water, needed by the camp and with arrangements made recently this source will be fully developed. Water experts say we can secure a larger flow and this theory is now being worked out.

CAPITALIZATION.

The South Greenwater Copper Company was incorporated under the laws of the State of Nevada in November, 1906. Its capitalization is \$1,500,000, divided into 1,500,000 non-assessable shares of the par value of one dollar (\$1.00). Of this amount 500,000 shares have been placed in the treasury. The initial offering of treasury stock is made at one dollar per share, to provide funds for the most vigorous development of the mine. Subscriptions will be received by the Tonopah Banking Corporation or by John S. Hills of Tonopah, or by The Mining Advertising Agency at Greenwater. The stock will be listed as soon as the treasury is provided with ample funds.

AS A SPECULATION.

Owing to its conservative capitalization—most of the other good Greenwater propositions are capitalized at \$3,000,000, just double that of The South Greenwater—and owing to the other unusually strong features of the company, briefly enumerated above, we believe we are not exaggerating when we say that there is no more attractive investment offered in the district today than that of The South Greenwater at one dollar per share. With the demand for copper constantly growing, making a ready outlet for its product, and with the value of the property increasing immensely with every foot of proven ore depth, the chances for a large return on the money invested appear extremely good.

DIRECTORATE.

The South Greenwater Copper Company has a directorate of which any company may feel justly proud. They are the best known and most conservative mining men in Greenwater, Tonopah and New York. A list of these appears in the reading section of this magazine. Upon request we will send to you a prospectus in which their names appear. We are forbidden for a peculiar reason to print them here, however.

THE MINING ADVERTISING AGENCY of Greenwater are ADVERTISING BROKERS for this company and have for sale the treasury stock. Write to us for any information you may wish on THE SOUTH GREENWATER COPPER CO. Address all communications and send all orders for stock to THE MINING ADVERTISING AGENCY, Greenwater, California.

In writing mention The Chuck-Walla.

Go Automobiling In Death Valley With Alkali Bill

The 'Death Valley Chug Line

-Runs cars daily from The Front on Borax Smith's railroad (The Tonopah Tidewater) to Greenwater. Alkali Bill himself meets every train and whizzes you over the desert 45 miles by way of Death Valley and the famous Amargosa Canyon, past the borax tanks of 20-Mule Team fame to Greenwater in less than three hours.

Better write ahead or wire your reservations if you have time.

Alkali Bill's Death Valley Chug Line

Greenwater, Inyo County, California

Butte and Greenwater Copper Stock

The ten claims incorporated in this company adjoin the property of the Schwab Merger Mine at Greenwater, which is capitalized at \$25,000,000. We have the same copper ledges on our property and therefore the same good prospects for developing the **Greatest Copper Mine in the World.** Our Company is not capitalized at \$25,000,000.00. While we have the very best land in the Green-

water District the **BUTTE & GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY** is capitalized for only \$1,500,000. One Million Five Hundred Thousand shares. The par value is \$1 per share. We are selling 100,000 shares of treasury stock at 50 cents per share.

If you want to know more about this stock or this company write to us. Or you may write to The Chuck-Walla men at Greenwater. They know what stock at Greenwater is worth buying.

Taylor and Griffiths, Brokers, Rhyolite, Nevada

**WE CAN DO YOUR
ADVERTISING TO THE
GREATEST ADVANTAGE
TO YOU**

The Advertising

**CONNECTIONS WITH ALL LEADING
DAILY AND COMMERCIAL PAPERS
IN THE UNITED STATES**

The Mining Advertising Agency is conducting a publicity business for the mining centers of Nevada and California. It publishes a line of advertising mediums of its own, and has connections with ALL the leading daily papers, mining journals and magazines in the United States. Its business is to attract the attention of the world to the mining properties of Nevada and California, and it is thoroughly equipped for that purpose. It employs the best ad writers and publicity men in the business, and knowing the conditions in the mining centers is able to attract public attention to INVESTMENTS HERE.

**ADDRESS The Mining
GREENWATER**

**Write for
Particulars**

Mining Agency

We plan Advertising
Campaigns, publish
Mining Literature, and
do a GENERAL
PUBLICITY
BUSINESS

C. E. KUNZE
C. B. GLASSCOCK

Greenwater
Inyo County
California

The Mining Advertising Agency guarantees results, and will interest any class of men desired in your business. It can do this because with its wide connections it reaches various classes through various mediums. **Men with money** can be told of the **advantages** which you offer, or **men with brains** can be brought to aid your business with **mutual** benefit. It will touch the class of people with which you wish to do business without wasting **time, money and effort** on those whom you do not want. **The Mining Advertising Agency** will take your advertising business entirely off your hands and through its knowledge and study of conditions will obtain better results for you with less money than you can do for yourself. Every firm, corporation, company and business house can have its own private advertising man if it will place its publicity business with **The Mining Advertising Agency**.

Advertising Agency
CALIFORNIA

Write for
References and Connections

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla

Is being circulated by **The Mining Advertising Agency**. We believe this **Unique Maglet**, this droll mining magazine will have a tremendous circulation. To aid and abet its publicity as much as possible we have decided to offer it for sale at a special price. Send us the names of five friends who would gladly see this offspring of the desert, and one dollar and we will send **The Chuck-Walla** to you for the rest of this year. You get twenty numbers for \$1. Don't forget the dollar. Address all orders to

THE MINING ADVERTISING AGENCY

Greenwater, Inyo County, California

The Greenwater Mercantile Company

The Pioneer Store at Greenwater

Robert Brogelman, Manager

Hardware, General Merchandise, Groceries, Clothing

Wholesale Orders for Large Companies a Specialty

We carry a full supply of everything the miner, prospector or business man needs.

Murphy Brothers and Conway

Biggest Stores at Greenwater and Furnace

Men's Furnishing Goods, Furniture, Stationery, Boots and Shoes

First House of the kind in the Greenwater District.

Brin and Bernstein



Everything for the
MINER, PROSPECTOR
AND THE HOME

GROCERIES, CLOTHING
MEN'S FURNISHING HOUSE

General Mercantile Store

SEE US AT GREENWATER OR FURNACE

The Greenwater Times

BROWN & REBER, Publishers
Greenwater, Inyo Co., Cal.



Was the first established newspaper at Greenwater. It gives all the news in a truthful, reliable manner about the **Great Copper District** in the **Furnace Mountains**. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** One year, \$5.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$2.00. Single copy, 10 cents.

Macdonald, Moran & Pennington

U. S. DEPUTY MINERAL SURVEYORS
GREENWATER, INYO CO., - CALIFORNIA

Publishers of the only Official Map of the District. - Price, \$5.00

Address firm above or Macdonald & Moran, Tonopah

The five mining claims, constituting the property of the

Black Canyon Gold Mining Company

are situated on the western slope of the White Mountains in **Inyo County, California**, near Bishop, principal town. When you have grasped this fact, then recall to your mind that Greenwater, Darwin, Ballarat, Coso, Emigrant Springs, Saline Valley, Death Valley—and several other great camps—and last but not least, old Cerro Gordo, are all in **Inyo**. By that time it will begin to appeal to you and, possibly, awaken you to a realization of what all this means. *Somewhere* is the treasure house of the world's riches. Keep your eye on Inyo, **Inyo County, California**, the state which has given over \$1,500,000,000 in gold, already, and her richest districts yet unscratched.

If it percolates through your mind that you would like to be in on this re-awakening of California, and it decides you to act, as soon as you know just how to do it, write to me and I will tell you.

M. T. STOVALL, Secretary

Black Canyon Gold Mining Co.

BISHOP, INYO COUNTY, - - - CALIFORNIA

Thirty Million Dollars in Coppers

HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS AT GREENWATER, CALIFORNIA

MORE than thirty Copper Mining Companies capitalized for more than a million dollars each have in that time been organized in the Greatest Copper District in the world. Some of these individual companies will produce more than a **Hundred Millions** in copper. Their treasure in copper ore is almost unlimited. Others of these companies will never produce a dollar for their stockholders. Their ground is barren of ore. To know the Good Companies from the **Worthless Ones** you must keep posted, and the best way to do this is to read *The Death Valley Chuck-Walla*. IT will tell all the truth about the **Greenwater Copper District** all the time.

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla is entertaining as well as valuable. It appears every two weeks. Single copies cost ten cents. For one year the subscription price is \$1.50. Fill out the form below and send it with \$1.50 to **The Chuck-Walla Company, Greenwater, Inyo County, California.**      

The Chuck-Walla Company, Greenwater, Cal.

Send *The Death Valley Chuck-Walla* to my address for one year for which find enclosed \$1.50.

Name

Town

Street

State

The Kunze Investment Company

I N C O R P O R A T E D

We were the original locators of the Greenwater Copper District and the first to induce capital to take up the work of developing this phenomenal copper deposit in the Funeral Range.

We are thoroughly familiar with the Nevada mineral belt and the mineral locations in and around Death Valley and the Funeral mountains and have prospectors and mining experts at work in locating new deposits of wealth in this desert country.

Prospectors who have made a new strike can secure our assistance in placing their properties before the public. . We will help you realize on your discovery.

Capitalists seeking for the best investments in mineral ground will find it to their advantage to communicate with us. Make our offices your headquarters while in Greenwater.

ARTHUR KUNZE,		President
EWALD KUNZE,		Manager
MAX KUNZE,		Engineer

THE KUNZE INVESTMENT COMPANY

CAPITAL STOCK, \$200,000

GREENWATER. - - - - CALIFORNIA

L U M B E R

Is the great difficulty that baffles the builders of Mines and Mining Towns in the Nevada Desert.

20-MULE TEAM LUMBER FREIGHTERS

Are employed by the Tonopah Lumber Company to overcome the lumber difficulty in Nevada and these freighters have become as famous as the original borax wagons of **DEATH VALLEY**.

The Tonopah Lumber Co. has established a large lumber supply yard at Greenwater at the brink of Death Valley. It has yards in all the mining towns and camps from Tonopah to the Funeral Range, and supplies everything necessary for building mining towns or mines. We will give you an estimate on anything you want in the line of lumber.

THE TONOPAH LUMBER COMPANY

Main Offices and Yards: Tonopah, Goldfield, Manhattan, Greenwater

D R U G S

Prospectors should secure a supply fresh from our store before venturing into **DEATH VALLEY**

The Greenwater Drug Company

has the only drug store in the **Funeral Range**

Cigars and Tobaccos of finest grade. Fancy Cigarettes and Smokers' Supplies.

The Fact is we have hundreds of necessities that you will want for your comfort, whether at home or out in the wilds prospecting. Call at our store and visit if you don't want to buy.

THE GREENWATER DRUG COMPANY

Licensed Pharmacists and Druggists

DR. E. R. BROOKS, Proprietors
ELMER TRACY, Greenwater, California

CONCERNING THE MINES OF THE WESTERN DESERT

The **DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA** tells more truths to more people in more localities of the United States than any other periodical published in the desert. Our policy of "the truth at all times" applies to our advertisements as well as to our regular reading pages. We will use every effort to assure ourselves of the truth of statements made by our advertisers, and if the proposition submitted is not what it claims it will be denied our space. Wildcats and liars need not apply. To those who are honest, and of whose honesty we are convinced, we guarantee better results than any other medium published on the desert. We are able to do this because we have labored to make the **CHUCK-WALLA** the medium of truth which it is, and a place in its pages is a guarantee of that truth. More than a thousand brokers and members of the various stock exchanges get the **CHUCK-WALLA** each issue. Nine thousand others read what it has to say. We reach the right people in the right way. If you are honest you may convince yourselves of the truth of these statements. If you are crooked, all the money you may command cannot help you with us.

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla

A MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Volume 1, Number 4.
Greenwater, California
March the 1st, 1907.

¶ Published on the desert at the brink of Death Valley. Mixing the dope, cool from the mountains and hot from the desert, and withal putting out a concoction with which you can do as you damn please as soon as you have paid for it. ❀ ❀ ❀ PRICE, TEN CENTS

THE THEME OF THE CHUCK-WALLA

The men and the mines, the life and the lore, the wealth and the wisdom of the Western desert comprise the theme of the CHUCK-WALLA. Born on the desert and versed in all things of the desert, it carries to the world the knowledge of what is here. If you don't like it, don't read it. If you do read it remember these facts: What it says is true; what it does is honest; it will call a liar a liar, a thief a thief, or an ass an ass, as is justified, and if you don't like it you may kick and be damned. Its editors are its owners, and will do as they see fit with their own, restricting themselves only in so far as they are restricted by their demand for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and their wish to give the devil his due.

To Brokers!

We have a proposal to offer to a selected number of brokers and promoters in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. It means business for you—business of the **DEPENDABLE** kind — with no “come-back” to it. Business that spells profit for you. Spend the price of a short letter on us today. The investment is trifling. The result will loom large in your 1907 balance sheet. ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

The Greenwater Brokerage Company

ARTHUR KUNZE, President

EDW. T. GRADY, Manager

BOX 50 - GREENWATER, CALIFORNIA

THE Neuner Company

SUCCESSORS TO OUT WEST CO.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Manufacturing Stationers, Office Equippers, Sole
Agents Clarke & Baker Filing Devices, Eugene
Dietzgen's Engineers' and Architects' Supplies

Daily Automobile Service

BETWEEN

SILVER LAKE (on the Tonopah & Tide-Water R.R.) and CRACKERJACK
(POPE-TOLRDO MACHINE)

Fare: One Way, \$15.00; Round-Trip, \$25.00

For Additional Information Address

Crackerjack Auto Transit Company

Crackerjack, San Bernardino Co., Cal.
(VIA LUDLOW)

Kennedy and Lass

L. L. KENNEDY
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
W. P. LASS

MINES EXAMINED



Assaying and Surveying

CODE: Bedford McNeill
GREENWATER, CALIFORNIA

The Greenwater Mercantile Company

The Pioneer Store at Greenwater

Robert Brogelman, Manager

Hardware, General Merchandise, Groceries, Clothing

Wholesale Orders for Large Companies a Specialty

We carry a full supply of everything the miner, prospector or business man needs.

Murphy Brothers and Conway

Biggest Stores at Greenwater and Furnace

Men's Furnishing Goods, Furniture, Stationery, Boots and Shoes

First House of the kind in the Greenwater District.

Brin and Bernstein



Everything for the
MINER, PROSPECTOR
AND THE HOME

GROCERIES, CLOTHING
MEN'S FURNISHING HOUSE

General Mercantile Store

SEE US AT GREENWATER OR FURNACE

The Greenwater Times

BROWN & REBER, Publishers
Greenwater, Inyo Co., Cal.



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THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

Vol. 1, No. 4.

Greenwater, California

March 1, 1907

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An Elegy Written in the Desert

1. The burro tolls the knell of parting day,
And with his tail shoos one lone fly away,
Then nods his head, and pricks his ears the
while
And wonders shall he walk another mile ?
2. The silent herd winds slowly o'er the sand,
The man behind—he will not understand
That burros do not wish to climb a hill
When they might just as well be standing still.
3. And so the outfit plods its weary way
Into the hills, where precious metals may
Lie buried ; and these hills are just ahead,
But tired burros might as well be dead.
4. So, as the sun behind the hill drops down,
The burros cease their toil and turn around,
And with one last and long despairing bray
Lie down to rest until another day.

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

The Chuck-Walla Workshop

The editors and perpetrators of the Chuck-Walla are not looking for fame or fortune particularly. Neither do they wish to avoid anything which is coming to them. We understand that there have been a few people out with a hammer and some

with guns and other things looking for us since the Chuck-Walla has bitten them. They are sore because the maglet does not print the names of those who write the dope. They want to know who to shoot. We are not looking for trouble, but just to show that the Chuck-Walla is on the square and willing to take the consequences of its bad deeds as well as its good ones, we are coming through with the names.

The Chuck-Walla workshop is fitted with a complete laboratory for broiling dope; roasting individuals who have a tendency to knock, and toasting to a crisp and brown finish all matter prepared for our readers. The desert sun that at times slightly superheats the atmosphere in Death Valley and burns the sand and hills thereabout to a malapi white, supplies us with sufficient heat for our dope ovens. The warm desert sand keeps the ovens from cooling down at night or on rainy days, and thus enables us to keep the menu of The Chuck-Walla always comfortably warm for our readers.

The Chuck-Walla Workmen.

The Chuck-Walla workshop employs two self-respecting citizens of the United States. All other ap-

plications for aid are filed for future reference. These have steady employment as long as they fill the bill and attend to the fires and heating apparatus of the dope machines: C. B. Glasscock broils dope and attends to the roasting oven; C. E. Kunze roasts the dope and attends to the broiling oven.

Soreheads who have a kick coming are requested to make application for admittance at the front door of the hot place.

The Mining Advertising Agency attends to all the business details, such as advertising and subscriptions of The Chuck-Walla. On business matters address yourself to them.



**Romance and
Wealth in the
Avawatz**

"Avawatz 'make heap gold for white man, heap hell for Indians."

Avawatz, the radiant, rugged giants of the Southern desert, are again adding to the fame of treasure and romance. Avawatz, the forbidding and secret, are again striving to outdo their desert neighbors. Jealous, perhaps, of the fame and fortune which the Funerals have suddenly given up, the Avawatz, 'hiding place of gold and silver and copper and Piute Indians, have lured the miners of Southern California and Nevada to their fastnesses.

To tell the story of the Avawatz one must delve into Spanish history; into the romance of the early California gold seekers; into the fretful bloody contests between Indians and frontiers militia. For these remarkable mountains have from earliest history been unwilling to lie in their desolation aloof from the encroachments of man and from time to time have given up treasure and taken human lives. Their canyons

have become historic and today they are found to be legendary.

Most remarkable of all that has been found in these painted guardians of the desert, is an old Spanish town, whose adobe walls have crumbled into ruins but still remain to tell a story of Spanish conquest. And this town was a mining town. For just above it in the canyon where it flourished there is still to be seen a Mexican "Arastre," used by the early seekers of gold to crush the ore which they found in the sides of the mountains. The woodwork of this Arastre has fallen away, but the stone part is there. A basin nearly perfect, although filled with dirt and sand and the stones of the upper crusher, can be seen. And on many sides are the holes, crude tunnels in the mountains, where the miners took out the pockets of rich ore. From all evidence visible the ore mill appears to have been abandoned many years ago while the town below was probably inhabited for some period later by the Indians that lived in these mountains.

Present day prospectors have named a spring which is in the town "Arastre Spring," and a party of men are now planning to rebuild this ruined town and name it Arastre. While all about lies desert, bleak canyons and forbidding barrenness, at this city of Arastre vegetation grows. Trees, particularly willows, have sprung to considerable height and afford shade to the shacks and tents of prospectors. It is one of those peculiar cases that are found from time to time in the desert of this region.

The Avawatz mountains lie fifty miles south of the southernmost point of Death Valley, and can be easily seen from the Tonopah Tidewater railroad, from which they are only twenty miles distant. After the first excitement about the copper deposits in the Funeral range at Greenwater had blown over and the influx of

prospectors and fortune seekers had come there, the overflow reached to the Avawatz, sixty miles to the south. Men were looking for copper and copper they found, in a district which they named "Crackerjack." The town of Crackerjack was forthwith started and some Los Angeles capitalists took up the main group of claims for development work. News of the new strike at Crackerjack brought in more prospectors and soon the whole Avawatz range was staked out, prospected and thoroughly exploited.

The old Spanish mining town was found in one of the longest and largest canyons of the mountains. It lies fifteen miles southeast of the present town of Crackerjack and from it the Death Valley railroad twenty miles east, is easily seen. Miners found a great many tunnels and some shafts above the town, and from all the old Spaniards had taken ore which ran a high grade. When the high grade gave out the hole was abandoned and another started. Thus it appears that pocket mining only was carried on in this primitive fashion, while the large low grade ledges were left untouched, to be taken up later by the modern mining promoters.

Average samples taken from these fissures have returned assays showing a trace of gold, while some run as high as \$2,000 per ton, in which the free gold is shot through and through. The silver assays average from a few ounces to nearly a thousand ounces to the ton. There is little doubt that the Spaniards who worked these hills found much rock that ran very high and which repaid them handsomely for coming into this wilderness and land of the Indians. When the richest fissures gave out they abandoned their mine, or possibly were driven away, by the hostile Indians.

It is certain that the mine was abandoned before the

rush of early gold-seekers came into California. The old emigrant trail goes past these mountains and within a few miles of the ruined town, yet there is no evidence that any of these early gold-seekers found the hidden mine. Their camps were all made at Saratoga Springs, about five miles away and on the opposite side of the Amargosa river. Cave Springs, twelve miles north of Arastre Springs, were not then known to white men.

Nearly twenty-five miles south of Arastre Springs was at one time located Soda Lake fort, in which was stationed a regiment of United State troops. All this history, the skirmishes between soldiers and Piute Indians, the massacres and murders, mark the Avawatz in story and romance. But the soldiers were not apprised by the Indians of the town in the mountains, and when hard pressed, it was here that the red man found shelter and seclusion. For the wealth that his canyons concealed the Indian cared nothing, but was content to let it lie undisturbed until he, too, had gone the way of Death Valley, and his trails were finally to be taken up by the American prospector. Today the Avawatz have consented finally to give up their store of treasure and romance.

The rush of prospectors to the Avawatz has just commenced. Burro men, men with mule teams, and men who travel alone afoot over the desert to new excitements can be seen on all sides wending their way to the Avawatz. The land about the canyon wherein lies hidden the town of Arastre is being staked and all the mineral land taken up as fast as the location monuments can be planted. In time the news of this strike will come to the general knowledge of the wide mining world and a greater rush of miners and fortune-seekers to the Avawatz will be on.

While today the great greed of fortune-seekers in

the desert is for copper, the gold and silver which abounds, or seems to abound, in the Avawatz will add to the inducement for men to go there. And the Avawatz are large and rich and generous, even as they have been secretive and romantic and painted and lonely. All who come there may not find a fortune, but the mountains in the desert are strange dispensers of the wealth they have, and it is certain that many men's destinies will be changed by the Avawatz.



**If Hubbard
Came to
the Desert**

Elbert Hubbard of Philistine fame has been brought into our mind so persistently recently by readers of The Chuck-Walla, that we blush from modesty. Don't tease us, please. We can't help it, if Elbert happens to write stuff that reminds you of

The Chuck-Walla, only we hope that Elbert's flock of Philistines will not mistake us for their leader and follow our trail. Such a catastrophe would be worse than the horde of Israelites chasing Moses across the desert. The picture this suggests to us is not pleasant. The desert here may not be warmer nor broader nor more difficult to escape across than was the Persian or Arabian desert of those dim ages, but we doubt that we could make manna fall from a cloud in Death Valley, and it would surely be impossible for us to find enough Chuck-Wallas to support the flock that lives on Elbert's Philistine dope. And, too, Death Valley is dangerous for a caravan of pedestrians, and we doubt that even Moses could succeed in crossing safely unless he had a modern automobile accoutred with a sober chauffeur and well-filled water bags of the latest South African pattern.

If Elbert Hubbard came alone, however, to this

land of antiseptic sunshine, borax water and general desert cleanliness, it might do him a mite of good. We surmise that he has used his literary mop so long, so diligently, so persistently and promiscuously that it needs a good, thorough cleansing. If we remember correctly he has done nothing very startling since he send Garcia a message, and it is very possible that his efforts are soiled by the condition of his muckrake.

Bluntly speaking, it seems to us that the society of Philistines ought to be given a good square meal of crisps baked to a brown finish on the desert. The dainty, East Aurora tit-bits dished out from time to time by "the pastor of his flock" must be pretty enervating by this time. Effete society, pampered young sprigs of old Adam, need a new dope. Something that will put ginger into their bones and make their run-down systems turn a few handsprings. Set the blood in your young manhood boiling, Mr. Preacher. Give them a few shots of desert stamina. Prod them up with a literary fork heated under an Inyo County sun and watch them jump to the new music. A few of the worst cases might yelp and clap their dainty white hands to the seat of their trousers and rub the sore spot withal, but believe us, it would do them good. Give them a little of the virus that exists here in the air and you will have more results in a day than your present system of over-worked rejuvenation brings you in a lifetime.

We have all the curatives on the desert for mental and physical diseases. If you have a moral leper, bring him to the desert. The pure air and sunshine will cure him if anything can. Your mental patients, your society runts, your scum off the "Four Hundred," if there is a cure for them, seek for it on the desert. Dose them with natural sodium, souse them in our boracic springs, rub them off with the sand of porphyry and

malachite, swelter them in the sunshine, cool them in the desert night air, and if it won't cure them it will make angels of them, but believe us, it will be effective. Come down here, Mr. Hubbard, and try this climate for a change. Death Valley has Chautauqua skinned for a resort of the mentally disabled, and that's no dream. If a man comes here without a head he will soon get one or cease to need one, and you can trust the Funerals for that.



**A Blind Man
with a
Double Tongue**

We are tempted to chide, at least mildly, Editor Rickard, of "Mining and Scientific Press," which at this time is being printed in classic Berkeley town, which is situated just beyond the reach of Abe Ruef.

As we remember this village on the bay, it's a place of peace and green tranquility, where live oaks and pink geraniums stimulate the mind to perfect somnolence. But soft, kind friend, do not imagine we are going to blame the natural beauties of Berkely, the beautiful, for the sins of some of her inhabitants. The mining paper of which we speak is only a fire refugee in Berkeley, anyway, and we doubt that it has become thoroughly acclimated. It may be that the enforced move from his beloved San Francisco has made Editor Rickard peevish. It may be that the change in climate has made him short-sighted or has robbed him of his sight entirely, or worse yet—and we do fear this to be the horrible truth—that close association with the erudite element that haunts the campus of the University, adjoining Brother Rickard's back yard, has robbed the editor of his common horse sense. The Berkeley air naturally has become saturated with technical melange and high-falooting

phrases, so that a man piping as does James W. Abbott about the copper ore at Greenwater seems to be in his element. For our readers who are charmed with the same sort of dope we reprint from the Berkeley paper this done by the dainty hands of one James W. Abbott of Pioche, Nevada:

"What I saw at Greenwater: On the Schwab property—one vein, perhaps 30 inches wide. It abounded in green stains, and carried some malachite and a little azurite. The rest might have been chrysocolio. On the dump at this and the Furnace Creek properties a little green-stained material has been collected in separate piles, perhaps a couple of cars of twenty tons each at each dump. This is a generous estimate.

"I saw no pyrite anywhere nor could I learn from assayers, or anyone else, of the occurrence of any. I did see a minute piece of bornite, said to have come from Willow Creek, about fifteen miles from Ramsey.

"The Furnace Creek range, in which these deposits occur, appeared to me to be composed wholly of eruptive rocks, rhyolite in various stages of alterations. As nearly as I could learn from what I saw the supposed great veins of the Greenwater district are zones of fracturing of considerable width. Through the seams in this zone the hot water circulated and effected a large amount of replacement, the material being much silicified, and more or less impregnated with copper and iron.—Everywhere they are stained with iron oxide and are locally called 'gossan.' I saw no gossan that was the residuum from pyrite, although I looked for it in many places. The iron that has produced these extensive stains was doubtless originally associated with the very small amounts of copper, which, after oxidation, yielded the carbonates and stained the rock green."

Now, whoa, there, Bill, get back into the trail. You

are not in this class. Go follow your burro. Mr. Abbott of Pioche is a C. E. done to a turn at a university, possibly Berkeley. He knows all about rocks from the green-stained copper made by iron oxidation to the yellow streaks that exist in men, and which, when assayed, show up a coward and an imbecile. Mr. Abbott, speaking to an intelligent reading public, shows that he came to Greenwater last winter, when the snow was flying in the Funeral mountains, and he looked for a piece of rock to fit every name that he has in his head, which lurks there as an indication that he studied geology. He came to Greenwater to find copper and found none. Strange, is it not? He was lucky to find a piece of bornite, as big as a pea, we imagine—but he lost out on the pyrite and there was very little azurite and no gossan that came from pyrite, none to speak of. The poor devil. How lonesome he must have felt with all his fine phrases and nothing to fit them. He was lonesome, too. We know. We remember Mr. Abbott. Saw him the day he landed in town. No one mistook him for a prospector. He had on a pair of boots that came nearly to his neck, and buckram trousers that hung, we don't dare say how low. It was easy to see he was an unusual visitor. One drunken prospector in fact salaamed before him. The prospector happened to be of English origin and mistook Abbott for the prince of Hohenlohe. It so happened, too, that the weather was just a bit off color at the time of Abbott's visit and the poor man from Pioche sat all day by a fire in the corner grocery. Once he got up nerve enough to leave the town and was taken to the Red Boy mine, nearest to Ramsey, where they have not as yet sunk their shaft through the andesite capping which covers their copper veins, but for the rest of the district—why, listen,

the whole district is fifty miles long and twenty miles wide and Abbott tried to see it all on a winter's day.

Frankly, we do not like to jump onto a man simply because he had cold feet or the bellyache while he visited Greenwater, but what in Death Valley are you going to do to these knockers who won't see a good mining district with unbiased eyes. We admit that Greenwater is not the easiest place to get into. Men who come swathed in cotton and wrapped in self-conceit don't like the trip, but it was to keep such pups out of here that prompted the almighty distributor of minerals to bury his vast wealth at Death Valley and to plant round about for many weary miles a desert which weaklings cannot cross. True, we have shipped no ore from here. It costs \$50 per ton to haul the necessities of livelihood in here from the nearest railroad station, and of course we are not going to try to send our ore out at that expense, not copper ore. But Mr. Abbott forgets that all of the copper kings from Boston to Butte are in at Greenwater, are sinking some of their millions into the ground here and came here only after their high-priced experts assured them that the candle at Greenwater was worth the light. We are not going to haul our ore sixty miles to the nearest railroad at an exorbitant price, but we are building a \$2,000,000 smelter at Ash Meadows, where the ores can be smelted, and we are building three railroads into the district. What other new camp, with six months only torn from its calendar of life, can make the same showing? But what is the use of trying to argue against the utterances of a fool?

Somebody believing in Abbott's reputation earned in school might give some little credence to his words had this double-faced gentleman been wise enough to stick to his mud-slinging gun. But—and in this we see Abbott's true color and display of sense—he goes

to J. Ross Clark of the Salt Lake Railroad and in the capacity of an official inspector informs the railroad magnate that there is sufficient ore in sight at the Greenwater mines to warrant the building of the Clark road to the camp. Clearly Abbott is a good illustration of the calf that had sufficient rope to hang itself.



**Who First
Found
Greenwater?**

Who discovered Greenwater? The Chuck-Walla will pin a medal onto the coat lapel of the man who tells us, and besides he may go to the head of the class. Now please don't josh. Flippant answers and silly conundrums won't go. This is a serious business. The greatest prospective copper district was discovered by someone and that is sure, else the Chuck-Walla would not be here. Else the copper kings of the entire country would not be here. Else Phil Creasor, the little giant, and bold Fred Birney of medico-cobbling scholastic abilities, would not have fought desperate duels with primitive stone weapons, or continue to fight them with the mighty pen of newspaper publicity and the plentiful use of ripping, tearing, crunching, mangling printers' paraphernalia. Else—but wait a moment, we must approach with caution this scandalous much-ado-about-nothing.

A few days ago a wag in Los Angeles wrote a newspaper story that began something in this rhythmical manner:

Who found Greenwater?
Who was first on the hill?
Was it Birney, or Creasor,
Or Furnace Creek Bill?

Pick out the hero
Who made the first journey—
Was it Kunze, or Creasor
Or Tenderfoot Birney?

Then follows this sensational story: "The mining world has been wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by the controversy that has been raging over the honor of the original discovery of the Furnace Creek mines in the Greenwater district. It had just come to the conclusion that the credit must be given either to Mr. Birney or Creasor, when along comes the Death Valley Chuck-Walla (a new publication published twice a month on the brink of hell) in which it is boldly stated that the honor belongs to Arthur Kunze, described as the "Father of Greenwater."

And thus finding that the water is fine, "Furnace Creek Bill," of unknown antecedents, splashes into the melee by announcing himself as a candidate for the honor of discovery of Greenwater. Come, now, move quickly, who is next?

Once upon a time (possibly as much as three months ago) a rough and ready prospector who had staked some land in the Funeral range near Death Valley, tired of the sordid life of desert prospecting and wandered to the wilds of Los Angeles, where romance could be had for the asking, and adventures galore awaited the bold and the brave. This knight had studied medicine in Chicago and had cobbled shoes in Washington. He had wandered over the Western continent from Lallarut to Ballarat and having burned the candle of life at both ends, was finding the world a slow place when he heard of a country named Nevada. To thence he wandered, yawning as he limped over mountain and desert, and splashed through the rivers that cut his way. And in this new and wonder-

ful land of Nevada he met another wanderer, who was seeking to travel to the undiscovered bourn at Death Valley, Jesso. The two men formed a traveling compact under the firm of Fred Birney, party of the first part, and Phil Creasor, party of the second part, and they aimed their shaft of fortune at Death Valley, there to discover the wealth that slumbered in the Funeral mountains.

The story of their wanderings over the desert, via Rhyolite, Ash Meadows and Furnace Creek, has been told by either in the tales of adventure which they were permitted to spin for the reporters in Los Angeles. They first came to the Greenwater district in the late fall of 1904. They found prospectors in the district and after some bickering with each other and the venting of some petty jealousies, they concluded to settle their differences by fighting a duel. In describing this desert combat Fred Birney, speaking to a Los Angeles reporter, gave free license to his Irish imagination. All the horrors of bloodshed were brought into the play. According to his version, both combatants imagined they were dead when the struggle had ended and that their tremendous discovery of Greenwater would be forever lost to the world. But to their own pleasant surprise both discovered after the fight that neither was hurt. No blood had flowed to darken the desert sands and both were able to hike as fast as conditions of travel permitted to Los Angeles, where the tales of prowess were eagerly told and as eagerly sopped up by the press representatives. But a disinterested onlooker to the Creasor-Birney combat tells us this prosaic version:

"The Creasor-Birney duel took place last spring at a prospect hole above the town of Furnace. Creasor and I were at the bottom of the hole. Birney was at the top. The two got into a word jangle. Creasor is

a little fellow, about five foot nothing, although Birney has described him as being over seven feet high, while Birney is about six feet and strong as well as he is handsome. But the redoubtable Creasor when once angered feared neither size nor brawn. He called Birney by a name best expressed in blanks and then clambered up the short rope which we used as a ladder. To prevent intervention from my part, Creasor pulled the rope up after him and the two then went at each other. At the first sally Creasor fell over a greasewood tree and bumped his head on a rock. Birney then promptly sat down on him and made him eat dirt. That settled the scrap."

Only it did not, as the stories more recently printed indicate. But who was the first prospector that found the copper ledges in the Greenwater district? Well, that is a long story. It was partly told in the first number of *The Chuck-Walla*. Men like Frank McAllister and Doc Trotter were prospecting for copper in the Funeral range as long ago as any man can remember. Perhaps twelve years, perhaps fifteen years ago, Greenwater was known to some mining men, and with this information went the story of the great copper ledges here. Every prospector that ever trod these hills stumbled over these ledges. No one could well miss them. They stick out from the highest peaks and can be seen miles away. Arthur Kunze and George Bethune came into the Funeral mountains years ago. Bethune wandered off into Death Valley and was lost. Kunze located the now fabulously wealthy Schwab merger mine, and induced the steel magnate from New York to take up the work of development. It was the forming of the Schwab company last July that started the rush into Greenwater which has made the place famous.

**Reporters
and the
Hot Place**

Will a newspaper reporter go to hell for a good story? We doubt it. Good reporters won't even come as far as Death Valley. By good newspaper reporters we have in mind such men as Lindsay Denison of Ridgway's and Frederick Palmer of Collier's. Perhaps we are a bit hasty in classing Denison as a good reporter. He may not hold that honor, having done nothing stronger than Goldfield in his career and not having done that particularly well, but Palmer has a note book full of Japanese hieroglyphics and Russian gutturals to show that he was in the war with Togo and Rojstevensky. He beat Teddy to the Panama and Eugene Schmitz to notoriety and has done divers remarkable things that mark him as a reporter. But he has his limitations. We thought he had none and were ready to hear from Palmer on the latest scandal in hades. Now, has he disappointed us and that in our own land of the western desert. Really, is this desert as bad as they would have us believe? Dare we really step beyond our own doorstep without being perforated with lead pellets, or bunkoed out of every dollar by the cut-throats and thieves which we are led to think inhabit these wilds? Or have Palmer and his understudy, Denison, heard the tales of sidewinders and Chuck-Wallas in the Funerals until they slumber restlessly at night in their cots, when they visit our desert camps?

Where the editorial telephone rings loudly and at best makes a peevish rattle barely audible above the noise of typewriters and linotype machines, you will be told that a reporter will go anywhere for a story. Cubs will tell you they dream of the day when they may make a journey into the region of liquid fire and sulphurous zones to dig up a yellow story of old ghosts

and high society, and their talk is infectious. When a man has crossed the Amargosa, he learns that all talk is that. In so material a place as a newspaper office, however, talk goes for truth until someone touches the button and pours over it sufficient Wilson to dispell the illusion. But talk is talk everywhere, even in a newspaper reportorial room and now we know that the best men in this bold and brazen profession have in them a streak which won't assay higher than an ounce or two of conceit. This knowledge we owe to Mr. Denison and Mr. Palmer, the outposts of their fraternity. It seems it took the desert to melt out what slag there was in them and when the slag was taken out there was nothing left.

Perhaps it was a case of cold feet; perhaps a case of heart failure. Maybe either of these two highlights of journalism had tagged to their retinue a wife, which made a journey into the inner regions of the desert bonanzas impossible. Maybe so, we don't know, but we do know that both of these mud-pop-gun artists tried to see all there was to be seen on the desert from the front steps of the best hotels which Goldfield and Tonopah afford. Denison screwed up his courage high enough to venture a trip as far inland as Rhyolite and from the Bullfrog's backbone or hind haunches tried to tell his readers what Greenwater was like and how things were cooked at Death Valley. His success is easily imagined by anyone who has gone from one mining camp to another. People will argue that all mining camps are alike. They will tell you that when you see one you see all. Maybe so. We have yet to see two that were enough alike to resemble each other. To some people this may be so. We know of men who drank everything from borax water to sagebrush tea and paid for it at the rate of one bit per. To them it was all rye or all Irish or all of their own particular

and favorite brand, but such fellows we place into an ash barrel in Greenwater to keep the sun from scorching away the freckles while they sleep.

The point is simply this, Denison and Palmer, thinking to come to the desert and dig up the truth and expose the frauds that they were told flourished here, were slipped a bunch of the good old bull con which is kept here in sand stopes for the delectation of suckers. The bait was passed to them the minute they left the train at Tonopah and the hook was never taken from their maws until they had been safely tossed back onto the banks of the Truckee at Reno. Denison at Rhyolite was told to go no further toward Death Valley because there were no life preservers in Rhyolite and there was danger of drowning in the Amargosa. They gave him a field glass and permitted him to gaze for a few minutes in the direction of Death Valley and Greenwater and then conducted him safely back to the Southern Hotel. Death Valley Slim was paraded before him as a specimen of the land of copper and with that he was content. Bah!

A real reporter would have nosed a nigger in the fence which keeps the Bullfrog from jumping away across the Amargosa, and made a trip to the land of Death Valley just for luck. Others made this trip for luck and are now millionaires. Denison would surely have been interested to see the lowest ranch in the world which at an altitude—or minus an altitude of 240 feet—at the head of Death Valley has more freaks fenced into its several hundred acres than are needed to fill Hearst's Sunday supplement for a month. He would have found food for his sluggish philosophy in the fact that cats at this ranch wade in water to keep cool; that palm trees have to be planted in the shade to keep them from wilting; that hens, like the cats, bathe in Furnace creek, and yet enough alfalfa is pro-

duced from a few acres to support nearly a hundred cattle. Denison, the good reporter, would have sought and found the land which is wrapped in a veil of a thousand unusual romances and is studded with the greatest mineral deposits ever found. But the Denison that came or was sent to this land of gold and copper walked only knee-deep into the desert and there listened to the tales that were dished out by men who had crossed the Amargosa. And at that he did just a bit better than Palmer of Collier's. The two come to knock and were laughed at even by the coyotes. But perhaps for their own good it was well that they came no further into the land of Death Valley. Here in the Funerals surely the coyotes would not only have laughed at them, their weird, ghoulish laugh, but would brazenly have walked across their trail and sniffed the air, certain that some carrion had come to camp.



**Omens for
the Lucky
and Unlucky**

In traveling over the desert in search of hidden treasures keep these omens in mind. Your fortune is told by the shadow which it casts on the sands before you as you wander.

The white cloud: If it appears to your left where the sun can strike it on the side nearest to you it signifies wealth. You will find a gold mine under the rocks which are shadowed by this cloud. If the cloud is to your right and has a dark shadow, turn back, evil portends in the direction you travel. If it is too far to go back pitch your camp and wait for the cloud to pass away.

The black cloud: It signifies distress. If it appears directly before you it will rain in your face if

you continue to journey onward. It is policy to find a high knoll and camp there until the storm blows over. Should the black cloud come up behind you, beware of stiletto lightning. It may strike you in the back while you are being blinded by the flash. You should be cautious and walk backward, being careful not to stumble over your burro.

The rattlesnake: The diamond back signifies luck. Follow it until it disappears in the ground. By sinking a shaft there you will probably find a hidden ledge.

The sidewinder signifies bad luck. If it comes directly at you there is no harm done, although you will probably be scared to death. If it appears to go at an angle away from you, beware, for it will then reach you and its bite is fatal. The best plan is to get astride your burro and depend upon the beast's good sense to get you out of danger. If the sidewinder does not follow you, don't follow it. It's bad luck to do so.

If a jackrabbit crosses your trail: You must be careful to watch closely the speed of the jack. If slow and premeditated pay no heed to it, for the rabbit has taken you for a sucker and is trying to lead you from the trail into the lairs of his enemies, the coyotes. If the rabbit springs wildly with long and high leaps over sagebrush and rocks, follow him or, better, try to bag the game for your supper. It will be your only chance for fresh meat. The rabbit has no significance regarding precious ledges of ore, whether gold, silver or copper. Sometimes rabbits have been known to sit on some malapi.

The coyote: Of all omens this is the most serious in the desert. To see one is unlucky, since it has a depressing effect much as seeing a leper. To hear one is also bad, for it makes you think of home and the little ones. To kill one is worse yet, for it will bring

all his brothers and sisters to the scene as soon as you have gone, and the howls which they perpetrate are apt to stampede your burros. In case you are out of water, however, and do not know how to find a spring, by following a coyote trail you may get a drink before the end of the week, if you can walk far enough in that time.

All other omens on the desert are mirages. You should pay no heed to them whatever, for they will lead you astray. In case you become frightened, return at once to mother, where you know you will be safe.



**From Our
Foolish
Contemporary**

It has gone into desert history that a man who has crossed the Amargosa cannot again speak the truth. That sounds brutal. But we are becoming more and more convinced that a newspaper man who has crossed the Amargosa cannot again

be other than funny. If we were of a jealous disposition we should surely be yellow from chagrin over the success of our foolish contemporary in Greenwater. We quote from his personal column because we cannot imitate him successfully.

From the Greenwater Times:

"The Metzgar saloon is emblazoning its inviting invitation on Main street long and loud. As the flame flickers it can be seen.

"Alkali Bill is in charge of the Death Valley Chug Lipe—autos—and makes daily connections with the front. He generally goes out empty and comes back loaded.

"Henry Veth, of the Brogelman boarding house;

handles his situation like the fellow who knows how to do things.

"George Higgins, a respected miner and a bright man in his day, has been called to the beyond. Heart failure, more the result of inability to assimilate nourishment from a sore throat, was the cause.

"Julius Lemle, the happy, successful, interested Lemle, of the Pioneer Liquor and Mercantile Company of Rhyolite, Beatty, Greenwater; in fact, from all over where good liquors are bought and consumed, for Lemle only sells such brands, was in the city Sunday.

"He is just one of the king pins in the trade, for he knows how to give the best for the money. Then, too, Lemle had his initiation not very long ago in Las Vegas, Nev., in what is called the international branch of the U. S. of the Universal Liars' Club. But he did not last long with the fraternity, because he had too honest a face to keep up the lick with the crowd, who all had to be post-graduates in the school of Ananias. But now it is a first-class concern in Beatty. In case anyone wants goods, good goods mind, they can get them with the assurance that they come from a concern that does not know how to be dishonest.

"Mr. Lemle also is establishing a sub-agency in Greenwater for Budweiser. But more, he is also arranging for daily ice delivery by auto during the hot weather in Greenwater. He says he will deliver it here at less cost than ice has ever before been sold in the Funeral range. If he can run his autos over the hot roads fast enough to keep the ice from melting en route he will surely catch the trade.

"L. K. Kennedy, the assayer and deputy U. S. mineral surveyor, is outwitted by a donkey. Kennedy takes a mule trip; remember, he prides himself on being a bronco buster, a burro guardian and capable of

subduing any quadruped besides reading rocks and applying the exact sciences in measurement. But being all this it only took the poor dumb brute to beat him.

"Kennedy mounted what he thought a faithful burro mule species and off he went to the richest thing yet. He got there; it looked so rich, so scintillating, that the very shine of richness terrified the burro and landed Kennedy 100 feet down the mountain side. With fear the animal, at so much wealth, turned and with a 2:40 gait passed, leaving Kennedy behind. For a time it was sulphur with the assayer, but finally determined to follow the brute. He did, at a distance, and finally with the office force by a red light glare found him."



**Tribute
to Whom
it is Due**

If you should find on the desert a man who looks as though he were sixty-five years old, who acts as though he were forty-five, and who in reality is about fifty-five, that man is Hank Knight. Everyone who has been on the desert any time knows who Hank Knight is. It is because everyone does not know what he is and because the Chuck-Walla is, among other things, telling of the men of the desert that we are writing this. At present Hank Knight is a big man with a big bank roll, a big heart and a big white beard. What he has been in the past we do not know. Neither do we give a damn. We understand that he has been a prospector and a stage driver and some other things. The desert which has been his home for years, however, has made him what he is at present, and it is as much in tribute to the

desert which made him as to the man himself that we are telling of this.

Hank Knight has property and friends by the thousands all over the desert. The property he obtained because he was a worker and threw himself into the life of the desert to get all there was in it for him. The friends he obtained because he was a man, pure and unadulterated. What his personal habits are we do not know and do not care. Not long ago we met him on the train from Tonopah to San Francisco. He was on his way to the coast to meet his wife and "the boy," and get a little rest and change. To his care had been confided a girl who was traveling from Tonopah to Reno. With the courtesy of a cavalier and the care of a father he attended to her comfort on the trip, smiling with the indulgence of a big heart and an appreciation of youth as her friends invaded the car before the start and sang together their farewell of "So Long Mary." "His boy" was lauded in the smoking room, and the qualities of manliness and strength attributed to the youngster carried a force of conviction of such attributes in the father.

Copper and gold and mining of all kinds in the desert he knew and interesting facts were given as are always given when men of the desert assemble with their cigars, but through it all would come a love of nature, of the desert and its vastness which showed that Hank Knight's mind had not shrunk as his wealth had grown, and that he was a man as great as his wealth. It is the desert which makes such men of good raw material and we repeat that it is to the desert as well as to Hank Knight that we are paying tribute.



The ghost is beginning to walk regularly every month at Death Valley.

Critics
and The
Chuck-Walla

The Society of American Pigstickers, more locally/ denominated by the housewife as "our butcher," gave us an idea for our new cover. We don't like the new as well as we did the beautiful straw color of our first two numbers of Chuck-Walla, but that was exactly the attitude of our butcher. ' He prefers the former style, too, but insists that it was made purposely for the wrapping of mutton chops and hamburger so that the dogs in Greenwater won't tag his patrons up the street. And when the butcher has an argument with us we always give in. No, that is a mistake, for sometimes we give out. That is, we give out before he gives in, if we don't see him first. Anyway, we had better say nothing more about it just now. The only point which we wanted to make is that we changed our cover and that from now on meat paper in Greenwater will be used for the purpose for which it was made. We don't really mind only we hate exacting people.

We believe in keeping a good thing—for us—on the go. Since the first copy of the Chuck-Walla was set at liberty on this desert good things have been said about it and about us and, well, possibly we are not very thick-skinned, despite our reputation and our sunny habitation. We can see no reason why we should not stand on the tip end of our tail and spin merrily around in search of press notices and flattering letters, and having discovered some, roll these across the desert away from our narrow home at Greenwater, on across the Funeral range and Death Valley and the Panamints and the next valley and on over the Sierras and across California and, but we will stop at that. The ocean is too wide and too deep and too wet for us. It would take in a much larger reputation than ours

and so soak it that its own father would not recognize it. Yes, we are convinced it would be much better to go the other way where the rest of the civilization of the United States stretches, is stretched or has been stretched over the wide plains and the high rockies and then some. It's a long stretch, we admit, for a reputation to go, but we might as well chance it. If it breaks, why we go broke, that's all. It's no crime to go broke on the desert, anyway, at least since we came here no one has ever even hinted that we were under suspicion. But frankly we stood for this: we wonder whether our readers will?

From the Bullfrog Miner: "The Chuck-Walla is the name of a new magazinelet published at Greenwater and printed presumably in Los Angeles, or some other seaport. The publication uses butcher paper covers and its general make-up and typographical effect is an imitation of Elbert Hubbard's Philistine. Outside of the fact that the average man usually discounts an imitation by at least one-half, the effort might be regarded as really creditable. It contains a lot of good dope on Greenwater, and well-written. To the person who is not familiar with E. Hubbard's butcher paper periodical, the Chuck-Walla would probably strike him as a thing of originality and great genius."

Our green-backed friend from Bullfrog may imagine we have changed our cover this time just to please him. But why accuse us of imitating Hubbard in the cover, when Hubbard himself is only an imitator in his Philistine. Why not credit us at least with being back-sighted far enough to have stolen our idea from the Yale students who first plundered the meat market to get paper for covers to their periodical of lampoons? But never mind. We don't mind being discounted.

Here is another from the Goldfield Daily Tribune. We frankly confess that we are in debt to this editor:

"With a smell redolent of the half-forgotten breezes whanged out of the Laramie air by Bill Nye's famous Boomerang, a cover and grinning devilishness of make-up that will make Fra Albertus and The Red One grind their teeth in envy when they see it, and with a wit of a third Mark Twainian, a humor of a third Gene Fieldian, and the rest all the same Bill Barlow's sagebrush philosophy, The Death Valley Chuck-Walla is capturing the country.

"The first issue, which was printed in Greenwater, Cal., on the first day of this year, arrived in Goldfield yesterday, and everybody who has seen it is admiring and laughing at the clever and genial fellows who are morally, spiritually and physically responsible for the publication.

"The Chuck-Walla, like its desert brother, the rattler, is fair and square, and even the tenderfoot who may shy at the rude but emphatic sign language within its covers, gets a friendly warning in the line: 'A magazine for men,' which appears under the title on the cover. But in passing, here are a few of the many good things which are particularly chortelish in the Chuck-Walla." (Note.—Reprint from Chuck-Walla omitted.)

The above nearly broke our hearts, for it took every cent we had to buy extra copies of the kindly paper which said this about us. We tried to buy up the whole edition, not because we wanted to keep it from being circulated, but because—well, just because we thought we ought to do so. And we did and it set our hearts palpitating, but then, what the 'ell do we care.

The San Francisco Call says: "The initial effort at magazine making in Greenwater under surroundings primitive and picturesque is taken as a monument to

nerve and daring that led to a self-imposed exile in the Funeral mountain ranges. . . . The collegiate equipment is now employed to dazzle the miners and camp habitues of the desert. Incidentally the fellows expect to make a lot — — — and perhaps to give the reputations of such mining camp laureates as Mark Twain and Sam Davis a fairly close run for pen and paper honors."

From Profit and Loss, the mining magazine of Denver, we have the following: "The Death Valley Chuck-Walla is the suggestive title of a new publication which has made its appearance in Greenwater. As a mining journal it is very novel in character, and will unquestionably make a hit wherever it is received. The publication is breezy in character and is typical of the section of the world from which it emanates. . . ."

"The Daily News" of Los Angeles tells the public in part that "Greenwater rejoices in a brand new magazinelet yclept, The Death Valley Chuck-Walla, 'born of the desert.' Its editor wishes its readers to understand it is going to give the straight dope on mines and mining properties and men throughout Nevada and California. Where the mountains dip into Death Valley; where vegetation ceases to grow; where the land is made of sand and borax, is where the Chuck-Walla lives and flourishes, the tenderfoot is explicitly informed."

We are not publishing testimonials in the nature of patent medicine advertisers, but some of the things which our subscribers have said seem too good not to print. We have not asked their permission, so will leave out their names but by the time you get this they may be convinced to let it out. Here is one: "It at once appealed to my intellectual palate and I hasten to add it to my literary menu. In all seriousness it

will be 'candy' for magazine readers. Burbank's Shasta Daisy will not be in it. Elbert Hubbard and Parmeter Kent will have to sit up nights and work. I gave a few slices to some friends I casually met. They all said they wanted more and began to throw money at me. Enclosed find check for seventeen subscribers. Hurry more copies. The copy I have is the only one in town and I have to keep it in the safe to prevent it being stolen."

"Bishop, Cal., Jan. 24, 1907.

"To the editor of—

"I've got to get out and find the only man in town (Mr. W. G. Scott) who has a copy of your publication—first edition—the last I saw of him was this morning standing in front of the hotel here reading your words of wisdom to a gaping crowd and taking subscriptions for you. I chucked in my \$1.50. I've got to find him to learn your address.

"Say, if you keep up the gait you have started calculate on a circulation of at least 500,000,000 (I did not have room for all the naughts—I wanted to say five million). Talk about your "hot stuff." You burn holes in people clean through. It suits me all right.

"Don't limit your vision or interest to the southern end of Inyo county exclusively. There are indications of labor pains in this north end as well, and if all signs don't fail, there will soon be born to us a healthful 'boom.' Hurrah! for Inyo. Poor, old, neglected, despised Inyo. Do you notice how Nevada is now trying to adopt us? Kent of 'Goldfield Gossip' offered to trade in Tahoe county for Inyo and give us something to boot. Marry, nit, nixey, and several other negatives. Infidels tell us that the religion which shook the world was born of a dream. Omar says something like that, too. Well, I've had a dream. Inyo is to be the store-house of the world's wealth—and I

was not asleep when I dreamed it either. Guess I'd better turn off the switch. Yours cordially,

W. T. STOVALL."

"Black Canyon Gold Mine Co."

We agree with you, Colonel. Don't let's swap Inyo away or permit it to be annexed—married, as you say—to Nevada. What do you say to the annexation of Nevada to Inyo? Call it the state of Inyo. We have enough wealth here for a state and we might rustle the nerve to start one. The rest of our California brethren would not object to secession. They are mostly asleep, anyway. Also we like your phrase and your suggestion. Let's turn the switch and have a drink all around. Here's to Inyo!



**The Copper
Strike in
Skull Mts.**

The new strike of copper, silver and gold in the Kingston range, 20 miles from China Ranch, and 50 miles from Greenwater, has developed a new company as well as a new principal in the promotion of mining property in this district. The largest and best property found in this new eldorado has been promoted by the Greenwater Brokerage Company for the locators. The new company has been capitalized at 3,000,000 shares, of which 1,000,000 shares have been placed in the treasury for promotion, while the finders of the property receive 2,000,000 for their find.

The original allotment of 100,000 shares of treasury stock has been placed on sale locally at ten cents per share, and the money from the sale of this stock will be used immediately to develop the property. To sell stock at this low figure is an innovation in the Green-

water district, and will undoubtedly prove popular for the brokerage company which is thus affording many an opportunity to get in on a large and probably rich concern.

The property thus incorporated has a ledge of ore on the surface which is 400 feet in width and assays in copper from 18 to 26 per cent. Silver shows in this ledge from \$2 per ton upwards.

This strike in the Kingston range bears out the truth of the story of wealth in this desert told in the last number of this magazine. We stated then that the Skull Mountains were rich in silver and the Skull mountains is simply the official name applied by the government geologists to this range. Silver and lead are both found in large quantities in these mountains but it was the locations recently made that developed the fact that copper also exists there. Many other properties have been staked out already in this new district and will soon be heard from through the columns of papers.

Also this new discovery of wealth near Death Valley is very accessible. It is only 18 miles from the Borax Smith railroad and there is a great plenty of water at hand. Autos can enter the district.



**Details
of
Development**

With each issue the Chuck-Walla gives a brief account of the extent of the work done and being done upon the various properties which are located in the Greenwater copper district. This information is gathered at first hand and is correct in every detail. It gives owners, stockholders and prospective buyers an exact line upon what develop-

ment is going on upon their properties, and shows conclusively whether their money is going into the improvement of their holdings or into the pockets of the promoters and brokers who have it in charge. Space in these pages is not for sale to any concern, the facts only being given for the enlightenment of those who wish to know the truth concerning the development in progress upon properties in which they are financially interested.

The extent of work on the property of each company, the amount of money and effort being expended and the results obtained will be given correct and up-to-date in each issue, and occasionally such facts regarding the reliability of the men most interested as will tend to a complete knowledge of the situation will appear. Where men whose reputation carries a guarantee of good faith are interested in the concern, such mention will be made. Altogether the following paragraphs form an accurate guide to conditions existing on various properties in the Greenwater district.

It is the aim of the Chuck-Walla to supply reliable information to the public, and for the benefit of any who do not find the desired information in its pages it will print replies to queries, where such replies seem apt to be of general interest.



**Is Your Money
Going into
the Ground?**

Furnace Creek Copper Company.

—While visiting his property last month, Patrick Clark of New York, who promoted this company and is the principal holder, announced that the company would immediately begin shipping ore to the smelter. The shaft on this property is down over 500 feet and has two cross-cuts. Ore was encountered in large de-

posits on these cross-cuts and the stoping out is already in progress. The ore will be loaded on returning freight wagons and sent to the Clark railroad at Amargosa, 50 miles distant from Greenwater. Ore that is rich enough to pay after being hauled over this distance from the mine by mule freighters, is deemed remarkable by copper miners.

It is a very frank manner of telling the world at large, however, that the copper ore at Greenwater has made good for the camp in less than a year after the first company was organized.

Greenwater Death Valley Copper Company.—Five shafts on this property are being sunk at a very rapid rate. Three have been installed with gasoline engines and these have been forced down during the last month at the rate of nearly one hundred feet for each shaft. Two gasoline engines have been ordered and are now on their way to Greenwater for the other two shafts.

This property consists of the fourteen claims originally located at Greenwater by Arthur Kunze. They have since the organization of this company been merged with the United Greenwater, the Brock Syndicate, The El Capitan and The Revenue group of claims, now comprising the Greenwater Death Valley Copper Mining and Smelting Company capitalized at \$25,000,000. The stock is at \$5 par.

More detailed facts concerning the development of this tremendous mine were made in the last number of this magazine.

Greenwater Saratoga Copper Company.—Ground located just south of the present town of Greenwater near the Red Boy mine. A gasoline hoist has been installed and is rapidly sinking down a deep shaft through the iron gossan cappings that crop on this property. The Saratoga is doing possibly as rapid

development work as any other property in the district. F. N. Fletcher is superintendent of the mine. Stock listed by Patrick, Elliott and Camp of Goldfield at 60 cents per share.

Red Boy Copper Co.—This company has ground adjoining the Saratoga property. A gasoline hoist is doing development work. F. N. Fletcher manages the work. The company is closely allied and largely resembles its neighbor, the Saratoga.

The South Greenwater Copper Company.—One of the most conservative organizations in the Greenwater district has sixteen claims at Mille Springs, 15 miles south of the town of Greenwater. A gasoline hoist has been purchased by the company and is now on its way to the mine. John Hills of New York and Tonopah, who promoted this mine, has associated with him T. L. Oddie of Tonopah, Roger C. Knox, R. C. Moore and Malcolm Smith, formerly manager of the Greenwater Death Valley Copper Co. Smith has recently resigned his position with the Schwab company to become manager of the South Greenwater mine. Two shafts have been sunk to a depth of over 20 feet and a third shaft started where it will cut the junction of the two veins that outcrop on this property. Stock listed at \$1 par is one sale by The Mining Advertising Agency of Greenwater.

Clark Copper Company.—Controlled by J. Ross Clark of the Clark railroad. Ground located near Furnace above the Furnace Creek Copper Co. Development work being actively pushed. James Harvey manager of works.

Hank Knight Group.—Gasoline hoist for this group has been recently installed and the shaft, nearly 100 feet deep, will be sunk to the depth of cross-cutting. Property owned by Roger Knox of Tonopah and Hank Knight. The Copper Queen and Copper Glance

veins that crop on the Schwab property below are extended to this property. Development work carried on under management of George Badgett, formerly manager of the Montana-Tonopah mine at Tonopah.

Kempland Copper Company.—Property located on the Death Valley slope above the town of Furnace. The property is controlled by J. Ross Clark and Butte money. A tunnel has been driven into the side of the slope to a depth of several hundred feet and ore has been encountered. This tunnel is 200 feet below the surface croppings. The company announces that they will be able to ship ore shortly.

Greenwater and Furnace Creek Copper Company.—The capitalists controlling this property, which is located over two miles northwest of the town of Furnace, announce that a townsite has been laid out and a new town will soon be started there. Off-McGarvin and Brown of Los Angeles are brokers for this company and financial backers. J. A. Richey has now charge of the development work. Company has excellent showings.

Greenwater Copper Mining Company.—This is one of the few purely local companies that are in the Greenwater district. Arthur Kunze, original locator of the Schwab claims, which made the district famous, is president. The Greenwater Brokerage Company are fiscal agents and have charge of the promotion. Work has been started on the ground and a contract for sinking a hundred foot shaft has been let. The group of claims comprising this property lies south of the town of Greenwater about three miles. The company has surface indications that are only excelled in the entire district by the Schwab mine. The first allotment of treasury stock of 50,000 shares is being sold at 75 cents. Par value of stock one dollar.

The Vindicator Copper Mining Company.—Prop-

erty located at East Greenwater. This property also is being promoted by The Greenwater Brokerage Company. Work on the ground has been started. The surface indications are deemed exceptional.

Butte and Greenwater Copper Company.—Being promoted by Taylor & Griffiths of Rhyolite. Ground is well located south of the Schwab merger property. Wallace Corbett is manager of the work.

Pittsburg Greenwater Copper Company.—Promoted by a Pittsburg syndicate. Located in the Black Butte mountains 25 miles south of Greenwater. Lem McGarry of Rhyolite has charge of the work on the mine. Active development work is in progress.

Furnace Creek South Extension Copper Company.—Property, located adjoining the Furnace Creek Company. Being promoted by the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company of Goldfield. During the recent fiasco of this company work was suspended on this property but the new organization which succeeds the old trust company announces that development work will be continued forthwith. A. J. Cleary is manager of the work here.

Greenwater Death Valley Copper Mining Company.—This company is being promoted by C. M. Sumner Investment Securities Company of Denver, Colo. This concern alleges to have two claims four miles north of Greenwater and apparently attempts to play on the use of their name which closely resembles that of The Greenwater Death Valley Copper Co.,—Schwab's property, but we cannot find that such claims as this company claims exist. We suspect that the concern is doing a wildcat business at the expense of Greenwater's good name and we warn investors to be careful before placing their money into this.

Greenwater Consolidated Mining Company.—We believe that this too is a wildcat concern being promoted in Los Angeles. They claim 200 acres in the

best portion of the Greenwater district but we cannot find them recorded on any map or secure any other authentic information about them or their land. Better investigate closely before buying this stock.



**Copper
Companies,
Good and Bad**

The tremendous area over which the copper deposits in the Funeral range are spread has afforded opportunity to nearly all the large copper miners in this country to acquire good ground in the Greenwater District. Some of the companies organized and whose stock is offered to the public have ground in the district that is not very valuable from a point of location, and they have done nothing to find out whether they have copper on their land. On the other hand nearly all of the large moneyed interests who have acquired ground are employing men in development work. In the following list of companies we have such information as we give about them from observation, and will vouch for it. About some we know nothing and a blank following their names will indicate this. This list will appear in each issue of The Chuck-Walla, revised to keep pace with the progress of all the listed concerns.

Anaconda Consolidated Copper Co., of Greenwater.

Brock Syndicate Group.—Merger company.

Butte & Greenwater Copper Co.—Working, good ground.

Consolidated Greenwater Copper Mining Co.

Copper Oxide Co.

Copper Sulphite Co.

Clark Copper Co.—Working.

Furnace Creek Copper Co.—Patsy Clark, working.

Furnace Creek Extension.—Heinze.

Furnace Creek Copper Oxide Co.—Cleary, manager.

Furnace Creek South Extension.—Sullivan, work suspended.

Furnace Valley Co.—Good location.

Gladstone Greenwater Copper Development Co.—Butte interests, working.

Greenwater Arcturus Copper Co.—T. L. Oddie, Pres. Located at Willow Creek.

Greenwater Bimetallic Copper Co.

Greenwater Calumet Copper Co.

Greenwater Consolidated Copper Co.

Greenwater Copper Mining Co.—Arthur Kunze, Pres. Good ground, working.

Greenwater Consolidated.

Greenwater Copper Helmet Co.

Greenwater Black Jack Copper Co.—Good location.

Greenwater Death Valley Copper Co.—In Schwab merger, sinking five shafts.

Greenwater Ely Consolidated Copper Co.

Greenwater El Capitan Copper Co.—In merger.

Greenwater Furnace Valley Copper Co.—Working, good showing.

Greenwater Pay Copper Co.—Good location.

Greenwater Red Boy Copper Co.—Good showing working.

Greenwater Superior Copper Mining Co.

Greenwater Saratoga Copper Co.—Adjoins Red Boy, working.

Kemland Copper Co.—Working, good showing.

Knox Group—Working, good ground.

Kunze Consolidated—Company suspended.

Montana Furnace Creek Copper Co.

Pittsburg Greenwater Copper Co.—Ground 25 miles south of Greenwater, working with good indications.

Revenue Group—In merger company.

South Greenwater Copper Co.—Working, good indications. [pany.

United Greenwater Copper Co.—In merger com-

GREENWATER

**IS THE COMING CITY OF THE
GREAT NEVADA AND DEATH VALLEY MINERAL BELT**

It lies in the heart of the marvelous Funeral range mountains, in which have been located the largest copper, borax and niter deposits known to man, deposits that in dollars mount into **BILLIONS**.

Railroads, three in number, are now building to GREENWATER. A \$5,000,000 water supply system is now being built for Greenwater.

The Schwab merger copper mine, the largest individual mine in the entire Nevada Death Valley mining district, capitalized at \$25,000,000, is located within a stone's throw from the heart of Greenwater.

This Merger Corporation also has planned a \$2,000,000 smelter near Greenwater, upon which work will commence immediately and to which the copper ores from the Greenwater district and the gold ores from other districts will be sent.

A telephone line and a telegraph line are now in operation at Greenwater, and other lines are building to the city. The town has already a population of two thousand and is striding forward ahead of all competitors.

BUT WHAT ABOUT REAL ESTATE?

Since the first of December lots have doubled in value. This is due to the fact that there is no question whatever about the permanency and future of the place. Greenwater is destined to be the richest mineral producing city on the whole globe. City lots at Greenwater are now the best conservative investment you can find. Come and see for yourself or write for information about town lots to

EDWARDS & BARLOW

AGENTS FOR

The Greenwater Townsite Company, Greenwater, Cal.

At Death Valley men feel that a little hell is good for them.

The patient burro calmly waits for his master to urge him on.

Society takes him for what he appears to be: the desert takes him for a man.

Packing greasewood over the desert makes men strong, and does not weaken their language.

The advantages of the desert lie in its possibilities. Its beauty is real but a thing apart.

Make your children's hearts as light as the spider's web. Precisely if you want them to become butterflies.

A wise man like a good refiner gets gold out of the drossiest reading while a fool will be a fool with the best book.

Schwab is at a loss to know where to build his smelter at Greenwater. Why don't he try the town of Furnace.

There is no poison in the bite of the Chuck-Walla but the little animal occasionally takes a finger or two from its tormentor.

St. Jerome once dreamed that he was whipped by the devil for reading Cicero; wonder do any of our readers have bad dreams?

Someone is going to install an ice plant at Greenwater, where water costs two bits per gallon. Even in Death Valley ice will keep better than water.

The Los Angeles Times says that The Chuck-Walla is being published on the brink of Hell. Death may mean Hell for The Times or Colonel Otis, but we are not yet convinced.

SOUTH GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY

The Greenwater district is becoming better and better recognized as one of the greatest copper camps in the country as new strikes are made from day to day in every peak of the Funeral Range, and as shafts are disclosing on the various properties that the ore bodies, which show so remarkably on the surface, do not become exhausted with depth. The wealth of the district has been known for a good many years, but lack of transportation facilities has retarded its development. With three railroads building into Greenwater, however, this condition becomes a thing of the past, and one company after another is commencing active operations. A smelter is being built within a short distance of the town for the reduction of the Greenwater ores and plenty of excellent fluxes are available in the district. Many of the most important operators in the country, including Messrs. Schwab, Brock, Clark, Newhouse, Oddie and Heinze, have acquired large interests after receiving favorable reports from their experts.

LOCATION OF THE SOUTH GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY.

The South Greenwater Copper Company owns and has perfect title to sixteen claims, with a total area of about two hundred and fifty acres, located some fifteen miles southeast of the town of Greenwater, at a place known as Rattlesnake Point. This situation is ideal as regards transportation, since all three of the railroads now building into Greenwater will have to build their lines past this company's property. Their surveys are already completed. The Tonopah Tidewater (Borax Smith's) railroad, following the old Daggett road, is now in full operation past South Greenwater

and within one mile of the South Greenwater mine. This road will be completed early this spring to Greenwater. The other two roads, Clark's road from Amargosa and the Goldfield-Tonopah Road from Rhyolite, will also be at Greenwater within six months.

ORE SHOWING.

Many mining companies are organized on claims having no surface showings whatever, the hope being held out to investors that ore may be found after a shaft has been sunk five hundred or a thousand feet. In the case of the South Greenwater, however, the company has two veins outcropping on the surface, one being a true fissure vein about seven feet wide, with good hanging and foot walls. At a depth of only ten feet sulphide ore was taken from this vein by the men at work on the shaft. No better indications as to the permanency of the deposit could be had. The second vein is forty feet wide, and outcrops about one hundred yards from the first, and trends in a slightly different direction, indicating a junction of the two under Miller mountain. Our experts believe that a large body of ore lies at the junction of these two veins.

DEVELOPMENT WORK DONE.

For two months past a force of men has been employed on these claims doing development work. Three shafts have been started. Shaft No. 1 has been sunk to a depth of twenty feet in that time. Shaft No. 2 has been sunk down ten feet, and a third shaft is now being worked down into the ore deposit under the mountain. From the work thus far done it appears that the two veins which were at first discovered are feeders to the main vein which has a course of north 43 degrees east and on the surface is forty feet wide.

Along the foot wall of this main vein a galena lead pay streak has been uncovered which is six inches in width and carries almost solid lead ore with occasional oxides and carbonates of copper. This showing has proved the theory of the main vein above stated and indicates that there is every reason to believe that a large body of sulphide ore carrying better values in copper and a high percentage of lead will be found under the mountain at the junction of the two veins. This will make the South Greenwater copper property very valuable.

A gasoline hoist has been ordered from Los Angeles and will be installed as soon as it can be brought to South Greenwater.

WATER SUPPLY.

In the Greenwater district the water supply is a vital question. Miller Springs in Miller Mountain are now giving an adequate supply of water needed by the camp and with arrangements made recently this source will be fully developed. Water experts say we can secure a larger flow and this theory is now being worked out.

CAPITALIZATION.

The South Greenwater Copper Company was incorporated under the laws of the State of Nevada in November, 1906. Its capitalization is \$1,500,000, divided into 1,500,000 non-assessable shares of the par value of one dollar (\$1.00). Of this amount 500,000 shares have been placed in the treasury. The initial offering of treasury stock is made at one dollar per share, to provide funds for the most vigorous development of the mine. Subscriptions will be received by the Tonopah Banking Corporation or by John S. Hills of Tonopah, or by The Mining Advertising Agency at Greenwater. The stock will be listed as soon as the treasury is provided with ample funds.

AS A SPECULATION.

Owing to its conservative capitalization—most of the other good Greenwater propositions are capitalized at \$3,000,000, just double that of The South Greenwater—and owing to the other unusually strong features of the company, briefly enumerated above, we believe we are not exaggerating when we say that there is no more attractive investment offered in the district today than that of The South Greenwater at one dollar per share. With the demand for copper constantly growing, making a ready outlet for its product, and with the value of the property increasing immensely with every foot of proven ore depth, the chances for a large return on the money invested appear extremely good.

DIRECTORATE.

The South Greenwater Copper Company has a directorate of which any company may feel justly proud. They are the best known and most conservative mining men in Greenwater, Tonopah and New York. Upon request we will send you a prospectus in which their names appear. We are forbidden for a peculiar reason to print them here, however.

THE MINING ADVERTISING AGENCY of Greenwater are ADVERTISING BROKERS for this Company and have for sale the treasury stock. Write to us for any information you may wish on THE SOUTH GREENWATER COPPER CO. Address all communications and send all orders for stock to THE MINING ADVERTISING AGENCY, Greenwater, California.

In writing mention The Chuck-Walla.

Go Automobiling In Death Valley With Alkali Bill

The Death Valley Chug Line

Runs cars daily from The Front on Borax Smith's railroad (The Tonopah Tidewater) to Greenwater. Alkali Bill himself meets every train and whizzes you over the desert 45 miles by way of Death Valley and the famous Amargosa Canyon, past the borax tanks of 20-Mule Team fame to Greenwater in less than three hours.

Better write ahead or wire your reservations if you have time.

Alkali Bill's Death Valley Chug Line

Greenwater, Inyo County, California

W h i t e M a n Like Chuck-Walla All Same as Indian

GET THE CHUCK-WALLA HABIT

WE want everybody to get this habit. It's a desert habit; it's an Indian habit, but white men like it.

WE will show you how to make money by acquiring this habit. Any young person who wishes to acquire The Chuck-Walla Habit and some of our easy desert dollars will do well to ask us for particulars. Send us your name and address on a postal card, or ask about "**THE CHUCK-WALLA HABIT**" and see what happens. Address

The Mining Advertising Agency
Greenwater, California

DEATH

Valley is the richest unlocked treasure vault of the world. It is being conquered by man, and has already been shorn of many of the terrors with which its name and that of the

FUNERAL

Mountains have been identified for so long. The outlook in the Greenwater Mining District is by no means as melancholy as the nomenclature of the surrounding country. It will become the greatest copper camp of them all. It will be

YOUR FUNERAL

if you fail to invest in the new "Patsy" Clark townsite, situate on the property of the Furnace Creek Copper Company (the oldest and deepest mine in the camp), in the very heart of the Greenwater district.

FURNACE

is the coming metropolis of the Greenwater-Death Valley district, because :

**It is entirely surrounded by good mines;
The miners employed in these mines
make it their home;
Its payroll, even now is greater than
that of the rest of the Greenwater
district combined.**

Prices and full information upon application,

**SIDNEY NORMAN, AGENT,
Furnace Townsite Co., Furnace, Cal.**

Address all communications 'via Greenwater.'

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla

Is being circulated by **The Mining Advertising Agency**. We believe this **Unique Maglet**, this droll mining magazine will have a tremendous circulation. To aid and abet its publicity as much as possible we have decided to offer it for sale at a special price. Send us the names of five friends who would gladly see this offspring of the desert, and one dollar and we will send **The Chuck-Walla** to you for the rest of this year. You get twenty numbers for \$1. Don't forget the dollar. Address all orders to

THE MINING ADVERTISING AGENCY

Greenwater, Inyo County, California

Thirty Million Dollars in Coppers

HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS AT GREENWATER, CALIFORNIA

MORE than thirty Copper Mining Companies capitalized for more than a million dollars each have in that time been organized in the Greatest Copper District in the world. Some of these individual companies will produce more than a **Hundred Millions** in copper. Their treasure in copper ore is almost unlimited. Others of these companies will never produce a dollar for their stockholders. Their ground is barren of ore. **To know the Good Companies from the Worthless Ones** you must keep posted, and the best way to do this is to read ***The Death Valley Chuck-Walla***. **IT** will tell all the truth about the **Greenwater Copper District** all the time.

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla is entertaining as well as valuable. It appears every two weeks. Single copies cost ten cents. For one year the subscription price is \$1.50. Fill out the form below and send it with \$1.50 to **The Chuck-Walla Company, Greenwater, Inyo County, California.** *o o o o o o*

The Chuck-Walla Company, Greenwater, Cal.

*Send **The Death Valley Chuck-Walla** to my address for one year for which find enclosed \$1.50.*

Name

Town

Street

State

The Kunze Investment Company

I N C O R P O R A T E D

We were the original locators of the Greenwater Copper District and the first to induce capital to take up the work of developing this phenomenal copper deposit in the Funeral Range.

We are thoroughly familiar with the Nevada mineral belt and the mineral locations in and around Death Valley and the Funeral mountains and have prospectors and mining experts at work in locating new deposits of wealth in this desert country.

Prospectors who have made a new strike can secure our assistance in placing their properties before the public. We will help you realize on your discovery.

Capitalists seeking for the best investments in mineral ground will find it to their advantage to communicate with us. Make our offices your headquarters while in Greenwater.

ARTHUR KUNZE,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	President
EWALD KUNZE,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Manager
MAX KUNZE,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Engineer

THE KUNZE INVESTMENT COMPANY

CAPITAL STOCK, \$200,000

GREENWATER. - - - - CALIFORNIA

L U M B E R

Is the great difficulty that baffles the builders of Mines and Mining Towns in the Nevada Desert.

20-MULE TEAM LUMBER FREIGHTERS

Are employed by the Tonopah Lumber Company to overcome the lumber difficulty in Nevada and these freighters have become as famous as the original borax wagons of **DEATH VALLEY**.

The Tonopah Lumber Co. has established a large lumber supply yard at Greenwater at the brink of Death Valley. It has yards in all the mining towns and camps from Tonopah to the Funeral Range, and supplies everything necessary for building mining towns or mines. We will give you an estimate on anything you want in the line of lumber.

THE TONOPAH LUMBER COMPANY

Main Offices and Yards: Tonopah, Goldfield, Manhattan, Greenwater

D R U G S

Prospectors should secure a supply fresh from our store before venturing into **DEATH VALLEY**

The Greenwater Drug Company

has the only drug store in the **Funeral Range**

Cigars and Tobaccos of finest grade. Fancy Cigarettes and Smokers' Supplies.

The Fact is we have hundreds of necessities that you will want for your comfort, whether at home or out in the wilds prospecting. Call at our store and visit if you don't want to buy.

THE GREENWATER DRUG COMPANY

Licensed Pharmacists and Druggists

DR. E. R. BROOKS, Proprietors
ELMER TRACY, Greenwater, California

CONCERNING THE MINES OF THE WESTERN DESERT

The **DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA** tells more truths to more people in more localities of the United States than any other periodical published in the desert. Our policy of "the truth at all times" applies to our advertisements as well as to our regular reading pages. We will use every effort to assure ourselves of the truth of statements made by our advertisers, and if the proposition submitted is not what it claims it will be denied our space. Wildcats and liars need not apply. To those who are honest, and of whose honesty we are convinced, we guarantee better results than any other medium published on the desert. We are able to do this because we have labored to make the **CHUCK-WALLA** the medium of truth which it is, and a place in its pages is a guarantee of that truth. More than a thousand brokers and members of the various stock exchanges get the **CHUCK-WALLA** each issue. Nine thousand others read what it has to say. We reach the right people in the right way. If you are honest you may convince yourselves of the truth of these statements. If you are crooked, all the money you may command cannot help you with us.

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla

A MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Volume 1, Number 5.
Greenwater, California
March the 15th, 1907.

Published on the desert at the brink of Death Valley. Mixing the dope, cool from the mountains and hot from the desert, and withal putting out a concoction with which you can do as you damn please as soon as you have paid for it. ❀ ❀ ❀ PRICE, TEN CENTS

THE THEME OF THE CHUCK-WALLA

The men and the mines, the life and the lore, the wealth and the wisdom of the Western desert comprise the theme of the CHUCK-WALLA. Born on the desert and versed in all things of the desert, it carries to the world the knowledge of what is here. If you don't like it, don't read it. If you do read it remember these facts: What it says is true; what it does is honest; it will call a liar a liar, a thief a thief, or an ass an ass, as is justified, and if you don't like it you may kick and be damned. Its editors are its owners, and will do as they see fit with their own, restricting themselves only in so far as they are restricted by their demand for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and their wish to give the devil his due.

TWO RAPID-FIRE DEALS

McCARTHY STRIKE

was made scarcely a month ago, twenty-four locations. Corporation was organized Wednesday. Stock will be ready for delivery March 10. THE KINGSTON RANGE COPPER MINES CORPORATION is the name of the Company. We have sold 37,500 shares to Greenwater men, who know what Copper Ore looks like. Fifty thousand shares are reserved for subscribers of the CHUCK-WALLA at 20 cents per share, and it will take rapid-fire action to get it for you. No prospectus, but development commences immediately, and regular reports will be sent to all shareholders.

COPPER FLAT STRIKE

Nineteen claims. Name of Company, THE GREENWATER CHUCK-WALLA COPPER COMPANY. Located midway between the properties of the EAST GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY and SOUTH GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY. Surface assays from \$14.00 to \$62.16 in Silver and Copper. Same allotment, same terms and for the same people as above. Wire your reservations and confirm by letter.

GREENWATER BROKERAGE COMPANY,
Greenwater, California.

DID YOU EVER THINK

That there might be a part of the United States as big as all New England, which you know nothing about? That in all this stretch of land nothing grows except sagebrush and cactus? That still it is one of the richest parts of the whole United States?. That it abounds in myths and legends and romances such as are never heard outside of a story book?

IF YOU NEVER HAVE,

Now is a good time to begin. The western desert, with its wastes of sand, its richness of mines and romance, is a wonderful new country. It is almost a new world, an undiscovered country. Men have passed through it, and some have lived in its wastes, but few have known it.

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

Tells all about it. It gives you the atmosphere of the wonderful western desert. It does this in a way you will enjoy. Send us the names and addresses of ten people whom you think will be interested in this new magazine, and in return we will send you the maglet for two months. It will cost you nothing but your postage for the letter to us and five minutes of your time. Try it. Address

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA,
Greenwater, California.

The Greenwater Mercantile Company

The Pioneer Store at Greenwater Robert Brogelman, Manager

Hardware, General Merchandise, Groceries, Clothing

Wholesale Orders for Large Companies a Specialty

We carry a full supply of everything the miner, prospector or business man needs.

Murphy Brothers and Conway

Biggest Stores at Greenwater and Furnace

Men's Furnishing Goods, Furniture, Stationery, Boots and Shoes

First House of the kind in the Greenwater District.

Brin and Bernstein



Everything for the
MINER; PROSPECTOR
AND THE HOME

GROCERIES, CLOTHING
MEN'S FURNISHING HOUSE

General Mercantile Store

SEE US AT GREENWATER OR FURNACE

We Trail Cattle Across Death Valley

It's a perilous undertaking to drive a herd of cows where man finds the utmost difficulty in crossing. But to supply Greenwater with fresh meat we must do this. To cross from the Owens River valley to Greenwater we cross two high mountain ranges and Death Valley that lies between them. As a result Greenwater has fresher and better meat than Los Angeles or San Francisco. Call at our market in Greenwater.

Greenwater Meat Company

Go Automobiling In Death Valley With Alkali Bill

The Death Valley Chug Line

Runs cars daily from The Front on Borax Smith's railroad (The 'Tonopah Tidewater) to Greenwater. Alkali Bill himself meets every train and whizzes you over the desert 45 miles by way of Death Valley and the famous Amargosa Canyon, past the borax tanks of 20-Mule Team fame to Greenwater in less than three hours.

Better write ahead or wire your reservations if you have time.

Alkali Bill's Death Valley Chug Line

Greenwater, Inyo County, California

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

Vol. 1, No. 5.

Greenwater, California

March 15, 1907

¶ Published twice a month by the Chuck-Walla Company. ¶ Application for admission to the mails as second-class matter is now pending. ¶ Subscription rates, single copy, ten cents. \$1.50 a year. ¶ Advertising rates furnished on application.

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Such a Foolishness

Is Your Money Going into the Ground?

Copper Companies, Good and Bad.

Owed to the Nightengale

Poets sing of the beauty of nature,
Of the romance and charm of the sea,
Of the good things that are to be lived for,
Of the bravery and strength of the free.
And they tell of the charm of the Southland
When the nightengales' song fills the air,
But they never give thought to the desert
Nor to any strange things that are there.

Here the bird is a burro, benighted,
With two fuzzy long ears and a tail,
And its home is a desolate desert
And its song less a tune than a wail.
But the life which it leads forms a story
Of more interest than any bard's tale,
And far out in the wild western desert
Much is owed to the nightengale.

So the good things the poets are missing
In their cramped little gardens and homes,
Are enjoyed by the man of the desert
When away with his burro he roams.
And the far distant towering mountains,
With approach through rough valley and
vale,
All the beauty and wealth of the desert
Mankind owes to the nightengale.

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

A Legend
of a
Lost Mine

"Notice is hereby given that we, the men that wrote this notice, is over the age of 31 and are citizens of the United States, Cuba, and the Philippines; we do this day locate one gold mine. Known as the Bryfogle and more particularly de-

scribed as follows:

"Commencing at this big monument of stone on a cold rainy night and running 35 hours with Indians after him come to a big canyon that leads up to the North with two big rocks on side of the mouth of the canyon the one of the right round and smooth, the one on the left rough and rugged. These rocks stand 20 feet high. Follow up this canyon about five hours on burros or one and one-half hours on horseback you will come to the forks of the canyon. Take the left hand one and ride hard for two hours and you will come to an old stone corral. Go to the right of this about 9,000 feet and you will come to a small gulch leading up to the right. Go up this about a quarter of a mile you will come to a small water hole, sometimes it is dry. Water your animals here, fill your canteen and then go until the gulch forks again, then take the right-hand one until it forks, then lead up the left one just a little ways you will discover the find we have been unable to locate. The canyon is yet and we take this means of locating the big find. The map of the above described property will be fur-

nished to anyone on application to the undersigned.
Located this first day of January, 1902.

Locator, J. W. Trotter.

“P. S.—Don’t look for this mine in the summer time as it is dangerous.—Signed ‘Doc.’”

Among the many legends of lost mines in Death Valley, the one that hinges partly upon the foregoing location notice is fascinatingly romantic. It is the legend of the lost Find mine, which prospectors of today are still seeking to locate, which lies somewhere in the Funeral mountains, and which several years ago set the entire East, particularly the people of New York, into a furor and wild excitement. The location notice written by the famous Doctor Trotter, one of the pioneer prospectors of the Funerals, and actually buried by him in a monument where now the famous mines of Greenwater are located, gives, in part, the description which actually is believed to lead to the lost Find mine. The Find mine was lost first. Doctor Trotter wrote his notice while looking for it five years ago.

In the early '90s there arrived in New York a man whose appearance marked him as a prospector and a denizen of the Western desert. He was to the metropolis a stranger and a man who sought diversion. For the latter he was well fitted. While uncouth in habit and manners, this man of the desert was well supplied with money, which he spent with true Western abandon. There soon gathered about him a bevy of worshippers, who were glad to bask in the sunshine of another's good fortune, and to these this prospector confided the fact that he was the possessor of a fabulous mine near Death Valley. His story of the mine was believed by his hearers, for the man had the wealth to substantiate his statements. But he would

tell his friends nothing about the exact location of this mine at Death Valley, and even during his drunken moments he managed to keep the secret that others were eager to learn. In fact, he carried at all times something of an air of mystery about with him, and he masqueraded under the title of Mr. Smith.

One day, after a month's dissipation in New York, the man died suddenly of apoplexy. His effects fell into the hands of the public administrator, because no relatives could be located, and it was while going through these that the court discovered a peculiar document with an attached map of a desert region. The map proved to be an accurate one of the Death Valley desert, and showed three ranges of mountains. It indicated trails and water holes, marked the bad springs from the good ones, and showed in the northernmost range a canyon of considerable length. This canyon was drawn in great detail, and at the upper portion was marked a red cross with the word "find."

In the document was found a detailed description of this map and the trails that led to the canyon with the red cross. This was quite sufficient to the eager minds of the New Yorkers. A party of fortune seekers was made up and an expedition planned to Death Valley. The search for the "Find" mine, as it was called, was commenced. The party arrived at Daggett, and from there outfitted with mules to journey to Death Valley. So accurate was the map of the district which it described that guides secured at Daggett had no trouble in recognizing it as a map of the Funeral range country lying on the east side of the terrible valley of death. But even with this map as a guide, the expedition came to naught. The long canyon with two big rocks on the sides of its mouth could not be found, and while the party were reasonably certain that this canyon lay in the northernmost

range of the Funerals, the mine of the drunken prospector who died mysteriously in New York was not located. The expedition returned to New York after some weeks spent in the Amargosa desert.

And to this day the Find mine has not been re-located. Prospectors at times still look for it. Doctor Trotter with his companions ranged the Funerals from end to end for this mine, but being without the map held by the Easterners, perhaps, or because of the changing character of these deceiving mountains, his search too was in vain. All he had was the freakish location notice, which in part was taken from the description left by the man Smith. So today we have the Find mine among our legends of lost mines, and Doctor Trotter's location notice to remind us of it. About the doctor and his freakish notices found buried in the Funerals we shall have a few words to say soon.



Something Rotten

We sink our fangs with considerable pleasure into one A. L. Markwell, of Los Angeles, fiscal agent for the Guggenheim-Greenwater Copper Company, which appears to us to be a combination of two good names in copper land perverted to a bad use. We hope that when we get through with Mister Markwell, he will feel like the cook of the famous Frederick the Great, who was cured by the effective methods of Doctor Eisenbart. If we could, we would gladly soak our kind friend Markwell until he betook himself to the woods, thereby leaving an honest place as our desert is, to honest men, who know how to make honest money out of the mineral wealth that lies buried here. As it is, the best we

can do is to let the sunlight of publicity shine upon Markwell and his Guggenheim-Greenwater venture until the germs of evil which appear to be in the company are killed. We are not saying anything personal about Markwell. He may be honest, he may go to church, he may, like Dr. J. Grant Lyman of Boston, be a pillar in the community wherein he resides, he may be all that and then some, we admit, we do not know, nor do we care a particular damn. All we do know is that his flotation of the Guggenheim-Greenwater Copper Company has a crimp in it somewhere, and we know that because of this we are going to crimp it just as much more as we can. We believe that Mister Markwell is placing himself in the way of becoming a separator. If he succeeds with his copper company, we are sure that he will separate some of his victims from some of their hard-earned money. And he will do it by the use of the name "Greenwater," which is the only objection we have, the only bone that we are picking. When a game of bunco, like that evolved by Brer. Markwell is in session, we are going to take a hand, just to put a stop to the game. We are going to bite, in a case of this kind, because that is what we were made for. But let us lay the facts which we have before you.

A. L. Markwell is advertising extensively and cleverly the Guggenheim-Greenwater Copper Company, of Greenwater and Ely, capitalized at \$1,500,000, with claims alleged to be located at Ely, Nev., and Greenwater, Cal. To gain what they could in name and thereby make up what they lacked in property, the company selected Guggenheim and Greenwater, and why they did this suggests to us a motive, a motive that is questionable. For this company has about as much right to the use of these two names as the Chuck-Walla has to the tail of a comet. Three claims

at Willow Creek, fifteen miles south of Greenwater, comprise the claims this company has in this district, while its other claims, number not stipulated in its advertisements, are said to be at Ely, Nev., nearly three hundred miles north of Greenwater. Out of these distantly separated claims the company proposes to build a copper mine. And this is their plan, gotten up, presumably by Markwell.

The Guggenheim-Greenwater Company is going to sell a block of treasury stock, for development purposes, and to make this stock sell readily it is being advertised at one cent per share. The par value is one dollar. After this block has been sold and the money spent on the claims at Willow Creek and at Ely, the company will sell another block of treasury stock at an advanced figure so that it will receive a larger amount for further development work. That is the way the best mines in the desert are promoted, and this plan on paper sounds very well. But does it work well under conditions which involve the Guggenheim-Greenwater? Let us see.

If sold at one cent per share, a million and a half shares of stock will net \$15,000. Item one. Stick a pin in this.

To develop a copper property to a depth that will indicate whether it is worth while to develop it further, sink a shaft 200 feet deep. To sink such a shaft requires at least \$30,000. Item two.

If the claims possessed by the Guggenheim-Greenwater Company are separated over three hundred miles, it will take at least two shafts, each 200 feet deep, to develop the property sufficiently for the promoters to discover what they have. Two such shafts cost \$30,000 twice.

Presuming, for argument's sake, that the company proposes to sell for its first block of treasury stock

200,000 shares at one cent each, it will have in the treasury \$2,000. Of this amount about half or more goes out for advertising and other expenses of placing the stock: With \$1,000 this hopeful company can almost make a trip to Greenwater. \$1,000 on the desert goes about as far as a snow-ball in Death Valley. And even if the second block of treasury stock is sold at an advance, there will not be enough money in the treasury of the company to do work on the properties which will tell. The arguments in the advertisements to the contrary are simply the bait which is held out to the unknowing public that seeks for an honest investment in copper mining stock. You have heard of the frog that was at the bottom of a well. He tried to get out by jumping up two feet at a leap and fell back three feet whenever he did so. The Guggenheim-Greenwater Copper Company under the clever management of Markwell remind us of this story. They have about the same chance to make a mine along the plans which they have evolved as the frog had to get out of the well. If this company sold all of their stock at the one-cent rate for development, they would not have enough money to sink the first shaft. Then how can they sink this shaft by selling only a block of the treasury stock? Those who fancy riddles may ponder over this; we give it up.

Just one word more. A company that has its claims intended for one mine scattered over two states hundreds of miles apart and hopes to make a mine out of them is either a fool or a fraud. The advertisement written by Markwell has a ring of cleverness to it, which suggests to us that he is not a fool. But his proposition is ridiculous, his plan is absurd, therefore his motive should be investigated. And then he lies about his property. Willow Creek by air line is fifteen miles from Greenwater. Mr. Markwell, and even a

crow, has to go more than eight miles to get there from here. If you are a fraud, if you are promoting a wildcat, if you belong to the class of Dr. J. Grant Lyman, even though you belong to a church, even though your standing in society is good, it will avail you nothing. We will see that few who follow closely doings in the western mining world shall be ignorant of your designs. Los Angeles may be as tolerant as Boston of its crooked mining promoters. In that case we have nothing to say. Markwell does business at 240 Byrne Building. Some day we are going there just to see if our surmise about Mr. Markwell is correct, and if his personal appearance bears out his gracefully curved plan which he has to get some easy money by the use of the names Guggenheim and Greenwater.



A Little Hell
is Good
For Us

Say what you like, when you are
through with this,
Throw out your words where they
are like to hiss,
Eject your burning thoughts and do
not fear
That they will scorch where igno-
rance is bliss.

Ho, on the brink of hell we've cooked for you
This pot of dope, this mess of desert stew,
This warm collation, hot with sulphurous fumes,
And if it suits not, you know what to do.

A little Hell is good for us. If you don't believe it, try it. If you have already tried it either by force of circumstances or of your own volition and do not agree with us, there is something wrong. Either you

had too much Hell or not enough. If you haven't tried it and have arrived at the age of discretion, please send us your life history. We want to get into the family and live in the same town with you a while just for experience.

A little Hell brings out what's in a man. That may be good or bad as the case may be, but it is always well for a man to know what is in him whether it be hash or noble thoughts. There was once told a little story about something like that. As near as we can remember, this far from civilization, it went something like this: The scene was laid in one of the opium hells of San Francisco's old Chinatown. The place was a sort of an annex to one of the lowest dance halls on the barbary coast. A party of tourists taking in the sights of Chinatown and San Francisco's famous tenderloin were having rather a hard night. One of the men in particular had received the attentions of the painted dancers and had purchased cold bottles and hot birds and in general had been the butt of the joke until he was assured that they were giving him hell. Finally, having purchased what he imagined to be at least half a dozen roast ducks for one fair dancer named May, he was accosted by a jocular member of the party who noticed his woe-begone countenance and asked him kindly whether or not he was happy. The victim knew a thing or two. He had had a little hell, and so answered with assurance:

"As happy as the birds in May."

A little hell had brought out what there was in him, and in this case had converted it into hot birds for the damsel May. At any rate, whether the birds in May were happy or otherwise, and whether his comparison was good or bad, he knew himself. Of course such hell as that is of a very transient character, but it serves as an illustration and helps to show that

"a little hell is good for us," even though it may do no more than to show up what we are up against.

But there is a real live hell on the desert as well as in every other nook and crannie of the earth's surface, and it is a little of this that really does things to men, and when taken in proper amounts is good for us. This hell masquerades in many forms. It may be physical, mental, moral, spiritual or one of many other varieties. The amount which a man can stand and which he needs cannot be apportioned in general. Some men can stand more than others. Some need more than others.

As some gold is free milling and requires little effort to refine, as some must be smelted with small amount, of added material or flux, and as some must have large amounts of this flux mixed with it in order to bring out the pure metal, so a little metal goes a long ways with some men, while with others the refining is a slow, hard process, and in a few, as does the smelting to fool's gold, the little hell ruins them completely. These are a small percentage on the desert, however, as fool's gold forms a small percentage of the mineral showings, and what there are here are hardly worth a mention. The real men, as the real metal, come out refined by the smelting of a little hell.

The man who has never had a little hell of his own, who has never been up against it, can be depended upon as little as a mine which has never produced. The man who has had a little hell is a finished product. He is what he is. Either the hell has made him a man, capable of facing the hardships and the stress of real life, or it has shown him up for a coward and a weakling. If he has the good qualities, it has strengthened him. If he has them not, it has demonstrated the fact to the world so that none

need be deceived. In the desert the little hell comes surely in some of its many forms, but always a little hell is good for us.



**A Desert Fable
and its
Moral**

Once upon a time a burro, a coyote and a jackrabbit came to a water hole on the desert. They had traveled many hours across the hot sand to reach this water hole, and when they had at last come to its edge, they found that it held only enough water for one good drink. The burro, being the largest and strongest of the three, drank first, but was unable to get all the water which hid in the little crevices of the hole. He slaked his thirst, however, and then moved slowly to one side while the coyote lapped up what little water was left. The jackrabbit had been standing wistfully at one side, but when the coyote had finished drinking, made bold to sidle up to the hole, only to find it empty. For a moment he sniffed at the moist earth, and then gaining courage, spoke to the burro.

"Tell me," said the rabbit, "how far does a good drink go on the desert."

The burro looked at the rabbit with a thoughtful air and, wagging one ear slowly to and fro, answered, saying, "The last good drink I had will take me as far as the next water hole." With this reply he turned away and fell to browsing on the bushes near by.

The rabbit sniffed again at the damp earth, and made bold by his thirst, addressing himself to the coyote who had been standing in the shelter of a rock thinking where he might find a dinner, now that he had quenched his thirst.

"Tell me," said the rabbit, "how far does a good drink go on the desert?"

"The last good drink I had will take me as far as the next water hole," said the coyote. "But why do you ask?"

"I was wondering," answered the rabbit, "how far the last good drink I had will go."

"It will last you to the next water hole," answered the coyote, and thereupon proceeded to eat the rabbit.

When this was done, the burro and the coyote moved on together across the desert. After a while however, the coyote began to complain of pains, and was forced to lie down in the shade of a rock and wait for his sickness to pass, while the burro went slowly on with his journey. In the night the burro reached his destination, and having again slaked his thirst and eaten his fill, lay down to rest. Before he had been sleeping long he was awakened by the mournful howls of his friend the coyote who had been left behind in the desert. For a long time the coyote howled most dismally, but at last ceased, and all was still. Again the burro slept in peace, and on awakening forgot the coyote, which was never heard of again.

Moral: A good drink will last until something else comes up. If you want more moral, read further.

Cheer up! There ain't no hell. A good drink is merely another name for any one of the many little things that help men along on their road to the next water hole or to anything else which they are coming to. The men who have the courage of their convictions and the strength to carry them out like the burro, will take advantage of the opportunity to fill their stomachs with water or their pockets with money or their brains with wisdom. They then will have the renewed strength to carry them to the next water hole or the next opportunity to improve their condi-

tions. The burro may be a fool, but he is there when it comes to getting in on the wherewithal to sustain life.

Other men, like the coyote in the fable, will help themselves at the water hole of opportunity and will supplement the drink with a good dinner provided by the fools who weakly trust and question them. These men are the scavengers and beasts of prey on the desert who take in the trusting public, not literally as the coyote took in the jackrabbit, but none the less effectively, draining them of their money as the jackrabbit was drained of his blood to provide a dinner for the coyote.

Other men, like the rabbit, afraid of their own ability, doubting their own strength to reach the next water hole, blindly seek for support or assistance, and putting their faith in the first that offers, are taken in like the rabbit and used to supply food or money or power to the unscrupulous brother.

It is merely a little story of men. On the desert we have the types of the burro, the coyote and the rabbit. They are all coming to some sort of a water hole of opportunity, for the desert abounds in these. Men who have the strength to profit by these opportunities will do so, and thereby gain strength for wider effort. Men who use their ability in questionable ways may possibly win, but probably not for long. Men who are born fools and will not profit by experience and will not acquire wisdom, merely aid the stronger brother. Always the drink will last until the next water hole, whether that be success or failure. If the drink was good enough and the enjoyment keen enough, that should be sufficient. The rabbit probably enjoyed life before he was eaten by the coyote, and the coyote had a stomach ache after he had finished with the rabbit. Cheer up! There ain't

no hell. You're getting an even break if you are worth it, and the man who puts you on the bum may be getting a bad dose himself. If you enjoy life as long as it lasts, you win. Otherwise you lose.



**Treasure
in the
Desert**

The greatest page in the history of American wealth was opened up several years ago when Jim Butler discovered Tonopah. That was the beginning of the chapter which the mineral wealth of the Western desert is contributing to this history, and the table of contents has already been partially arranged by the men who have come to labor in this work. In this table of contents we would place these names:

Tonopah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, Greenwater, Wonder, Ely, Fairview, Yerington, Searchlight, Round Mountain, Manhattan, Silver Peak, Mina, Dutch Creek, Rhyolite, Schwab, Lee, Skidoo, Crakerjack, Yuba Hebe, Gold Center, Gold Run, Johnnie, Douglas, Diamondfield, Ramsey, Rosebud and Goldbud, Gold-dyke, Tenabo, Oro City, Belmont, Seven Troughs, Vernon, Mecca, Schurz, and several score others.

This is a long list for a table of contents, but the page of mineral wealth which these are making in the history of American wealth is a large one and needs such a long list. We use these names because they are most convenient and are the quickest way to suggest the vastness of the mineral deposits which lie buried in the desert of Nevada and Southern California. The names are those of mining camps that have opened up since Tonopah was first discovered a few years ago, and they are therefore the wealth pro-

ducing centers of this mineral belt. The wealth in gold, silver, copper, lead and some other minerals, which comes in a steady stream from these centers, is now counted annually in hundreds of millions. The deposit of wealth in these same minerals which these centers have tapped cannot be counted in dollars. The amount would be too enormous. All the wealth of the world, the wealth that is actually in circulation and counted day by day by our millionaires and all the others who have a little of it, pales into a mere bagatelle compared to this store of treasure. To count it in dollars would be like trying to measure in miles the distance to our fixed stars.

An approximate idea may be gathered from some individual items which comprise this treasure. One mine in Goldfield produced in 106 days \$5,000,000 in gold. At the present rate of output this camp is giving the world \$50,000,000 in gold each year. Another item might be taken from the estimate made by John Hays Hammond, the greatest mining expert in this country. He says that Tonopah, in four of its mines, has \$100,000,000 in ore exposed. Another item we may take up to index what we asserted about the greatness of this mineral deposit, is the value already taken from Nevada's treasure vaults in the early days, when the storehouse of treasure here was only scratched in several places. The camps of Ely, Austin, Pioche, Eureka, Jefferson Canyon, Mountain City, Tuscarora, Candelaria, Del Mar and a few minor camps put out in silver, gold and copper, \$511,000,000 during their period of activity. These camps have not yet been exhausted of their wealth, and some are today more active and showing up richer than ever. This suggests one question, and then we are through. If a few camps barely touched can give to the world over \$500,000,000 in treasure in a few years, what can

the whole treasure vault of this desert produce under modern methods of mining, when all the camps are giving out gold and silver at the rate now coming from Goldfield and Tonopah, the two fully developed camps? And yet people who have never come to Nevada and this desert wonder, is Nevada a fake? Wonder if the stories of treasure in these desert mountains are not all hot air simply taken up from the superheated desert and put into print? If everybody in the world were to come to this desert and take what he needed to make him a wealthy man, there would still remain in these desolate hills enough mineral wealth for many succeeding generations. The wealth that lies here cannot and will not be exhausted.



A Golden Echo

Tyroleans who invented the famous echoes made only in Switzerland, will grind their teeth in envy when they read of our own Echo of Death Valley, which is made of gold. A golden echo. Can you imagine the ring of this product of the Funeral Mountains. One German thought he had worked the echo idea to a limit when he made \$15.00 per week and all the beer he could drink by echoing thirteen times, but he had not been on the desert. Here we have Echo Canyon and Echo Mountain and Echo, just plain Echo, made of gold. And yet this is not a land of surprises, just plain realities, such as beer and sandwiches whenever one gets into a beer and sandwich mood, and Echoes that have the ring of gold in them.

The Echo of which we speak is thirty miles south of Rhyolite. It is twenty miles north of Greenwater,

and has been crowded into the hills by Echo Canyon. Once upon a time this canyon, and this patch of the Funeral range, was noted for its reverberative character. Even as the Amargosa desert has its marvelous mirages, Echo Canyon had its startling echoes. Burro punchers, mule-team drivers and even the lone pedestrians who walked the desert in search of wealth and water, came here to try their lung capacity and make echoes. These were dreamers and fools. A wise man came along one day and prospected the echo for gold and he struck the real ledge. He found the golden tone in the echo. He staked the ground and thus laid foundation for several new and wealthy mining districts and two towns.

Today this canyon which echoes is one of the best gold mining camps in the whole desert from Death Valley to Wonder. The district took an additional name and became the Echo-Lee district and the two towns started were named Lee and Schwab. Both towns are named after men. Lee is a name that is as well known on the Amargosa as it was at Gettysburg. The Lee brothers are pioneers of the Amargosa, and they were famous even before their name decorated the billboards of a town. Of Schwab we have spoken several times. He came into this country from New York, where he had a falling out with some of his iron friends and Carnegie. He now owns one of the best mines in the Echo-Lee district, and his name was selected for the town because it sounded well and was not too long.

Schwab and Lee are a bit jealous of each other too. One of these communities has settled on one side of the mountain, while the other is pouting away on the opposite side, but both are doing well at latest reports. And this petty rivalry between the two towns really has nothing to do with the whole camp as a

gold producing place. One of the main attractions of the district is "The Gold Grotto." We have never seen this gold grotto, but we imagine it must be modelled after Aladdin's caves. And they sure have the gold there. Have had it for years and years. The district was discovered more than two years ago, about the time they found Bullfrog, but because of the interest which Bullfrog took up, and also possibly because the best property in the district was immediately tied up in a lawsuit, the Echo-Lee district was grossly neglected. It appeared for a while as if the coyotes even shunned the place. Death Valley was on one side, the Amargosa desert on the other, and Bullfrog with its boom thirty miles away, monopolizing glory and interest just then. Now it is different. Echo and Schwab and Lee are walking boldly to the front. We surmise they will soon be in the first row. Its a big district covering about fifteen square miles, one end of a mountain range, and the best echoing canyon in the whole land. If you come there, try your echo. It too may get the golden tone.



**Tex Rickard
and His
Methods**

Tex Rickard of pugilistic promoting, mining and gambling house fame, one of the characters known all over the Western desert, and more particularly in Goldfield, which owes him a debt of advertising, has started a new line of work. Whether

he is as proud of this as he is of the way in which he pulled off the great Gans-Nelson fight has not yet been definitely learned. Some men are proud of strange things, and Tex Rickard may look back upon his "dish-play" with much satisfaction for all we know

It may be merely another one of his methods for advertising the desert. If so, he has slipped up on himself a little this time. Men who throw dishes at other men's heads like the old fashioned virago, or who pull a gun only to be induced by friends that they had best put it away again to keep it from going off, may be advertisers, but their methods are poor.

Of course, Tex may not have intended it as advertising. He may possibly have been a little "off his feed," and did not know exactly what he was doing, though for a man who has been the proprietor of the famous "Northern" in Nome, Alaska, who has been played up in fiction as The Bronco Kid in The Spoilers, who has promoted the greatest prize fight of modern times, and who is at present the man behind "The Northern" of Goldfield, it seems strange that a few Ely cocktails would produce that strange result. This is the story as we gather it from one of the modern metropolitan dailies.

Tex was seated in a restaurant in Ely, where, after a good dinner with its accompanying delights, he began to discourse volubly on certain newspaper articles, and finally upon one in particular. What this article was and how it affected Rickard's peace of mind we do not know, but the story goes that Tex so forgot himself as to declare the author of this particular story a liar. A newspaper reporter named Kirby was in the place, and hearing the remarks, resented them. Like most good newspaper reporters, he had the courage of his convictions, and immediately stated that he had written the story himself, and that he was no liar, and that if Tex Rickard thought he was, there was a serious mistake. At that stage of the game Rickard started a new play. According to the witnesses he began to throw plates and china-ware at the unfortunate newspaper man. Kirby was

still true to his story, and his paper, however, and gave Rickard some bits of information about things in general and Rickard in particular, meanwhile dodging the dishes. Finally Rickard pulled his gun, but allowed himself to be convinced that he did not want to use it, and having satisfied the people that he really had a gun and was perfectly willing to let them look at it, left the restaurant, and the incident closed for the time. As usual, however, the facts reached the newspapers, and the advertising of Tex Rickard and the town of Ely in this new fashion was accomplished.

Now what Tex Rickard has been in Alaska or elsewhere is no concern of the Chuck-Walla. What he does in the desert is also no personal concern. He can get himself disliked, or jailed or hung with equal lack of interest on our part, so long as he doesn't bespatter the desert or the reputation of desert men for fearlessness and decency. It pays to advertise if the advertising is done in the right way, but there is a brand of notoriety which is odorous.

Desert men are supposed to be on the level and to be straightforward until proven otherwise. They are not supposed to fight with dishes in public places or wash their dirty linen in public. If they have a kick coming, let them make it, but the place to blow off steam is not a public restaurant. If they want to fight, let them fight. Fighting is a time-honored and an honorable method of settling differences. This fight should not be in the nature of the small boy who sticks out his tongue and calls names and throws a dead rat in his sister's face. If there is a grievance worthy of a gun play, let there be a gun play, but not where it will merely kick up a stink. Men who carry guns should carry them for use and not for display. If they have no use for them, leave them at home. A man throwing dishes across a room like a petulant

schoolboy who has been denied a holiday, and who flourishes a revolver entirely for its effect on the minds of observers is not an ornament to the desert and does not help the opinion of the world in regard to the desert. If there is anything to do either in the fight line or in the talk line, do it, but if you are a desert man, don't put up the con unless you can come through with the backing.



**Recipe No. 2—
How to
Make a Mine**

To make this recipe successful, you must first be sure to have an optimistic cook. Pessimism is sure to introduce a flavor which will ruin the most carefully prepared mine. The recipe should also be used in full as a small mine is much more apt to turn out badly, or at least not so satisfactorily as a large one. Further, it should be remembered that this recipe is for a desert mine. Placers and such concoctions garnished with ferns, liveoaks and canary birds are discussed in the pastry department. This recipe aims to make a mine thoroughly satisfactory to all who may taste, and substantial as well as appetizing.

Take at least five claims of the richest variety or more in inverse ratio to the richness of the ore. Have these placed in the desert, preferably in a district already known for the wealth of its mineral deposits. Such a location will eliminate the necessity of attracting public attention, which is one of the most essential ingredients for a successful mine. If this location cannot be obtained, you must devote some time to obtaining a proper amount of public attention and consequent interest. These are valuable in-

gredients and may be obtained in numerous ways, such as the lavish expenditure of money for advertising, the real output of gold or copper, or a liberal dispensation of superheated atmosphere and cold bluff.

Public attention having been obtained, sprinkle it thickly over the claims, and set in a warm place for a few weeks. When public attention has thoroughly permeated the claims, get together a few well-known men, preferably men with money, and stir them into a company. This mixture known as the company will of itself produce an ingredient known as stock. This stock is a commercial commodity, and may be sold in quantities sufficient to provide funds for the purchase of other ingredients. If the location has been according to this recipe and the men forming the company are up to the standard, the stock will be of good quality and the public attention already attracted will render its sale easy and the price high. When sufficient stock is sold, the money thus obtained may be devoted to the purchase of other ingredients.

The first of these should be two husky miners with a knowledge of their business and tools sufficient to begin sinking a shaft. As the shaft is sunk and the mine developed, the price of stock will increase and new quantities can be sold at higher figures and more money obtained for the more expensive ingredients. These will consist of a gasoline engine and hoist, an increased force of miners and a superintendent. As these are mixed into the mine, it will constantly improve in value and possibilities, always supposing of course that the original requirements of the recipe as to location and richness of claims have been followed.

Finally, if the improvement in showings and in ore removed shows that the first requisites were satisfactorily fulfilled, the force of workmen and machinery should be increased, the shafts widened, the ore cut

and blocked, and taken from the mine. The removal of ore will give a correct idea as to whether or not the mine is good. Drop the ore into a smelter, and if it comes out in values of gold or copper above the expense of producing, the work has been well done. The mine may then be used regularly and will afford substantial returns for all those who have contributed to its preparation.



**A Senator
with Two
Faults**

Limelights, and candlelights and some other illuminations have recently been turned upon Senator T. L. Oddie, of Tonopah, until the glare has given us a life-sized photograph of him. We have never had the pleasure of seeing him, but that

makes no difference. The picture, as every good picture does, flatters him tremendously, but a photograph that flatters is better than a poor one, so the senator has no kick coming from our impression.

We have been picturing Senator Oddie in the guise of an ambitious giant, whose desire was to spread himself over the entire state of Nevada and then expand into California, where minerals of the precious sort were found to exist. Beginning from his operations at Tonopah and Manhattan, where he made his first big jack-pot, the senator has gradually spread out until his bulk was seen in almost every camp from Silver Peak, Carson City and such northern points, to Bullfrog and Greenwater, and even Death Valley. The senator was ambitious to acquire wealth, and that is always pardonable, on the desert as well as anywhere else. And the senator did acquire wealth, and that is commendable. This much we saw in the picture we had of the senator, and now we have ob-

served another characteristic. This characteristic has given us a surprise. We are now wondering, considerably puzzled, about the senator's wealth. Not how he made so much or why he has so much, but how he has been able to keep any of it under the conditions under which he labors.

It seems that the senator has a secret, a skeleton in his closet. He is afflicted with enlargement of the heart. Friends are so solicitous about him that they guard Mr. Oddie day and night to keep such from him as would appeal for aid. And the skeleton was discovered by friends in this peculiar way. No one was known ever to have solicited assistance from the senator, that was not forthwith given, until this generosity was advertised from one end of the desert to the other and everybody who wanted something came with a request to the senator. Charitable institutions or promotions of various forms of foolish undertakings were always based on the generosity of Senator Oddie, and none were disappointed, but the Oddie fortune was threatened and his friends were compelled to come to his rescue. Now when a stranger is seen approaching the senator, he is forthwith headed off by some friend of the senator, and his plan of spoilation spoiled.

Besides being too generous, the senator is too modest. These two are his leading faults, and two such appear to be quite enough for one man who has otherwise made a good record on the desert.



“Many are called but few are chosen.” Some one of the editors of the Holy Bible had that hunch. The idea may be reversed on the desert. Here, not many come but everyone stays. It is the charm of all outdoors.

Such a
Foolishness

Nevada is the finest state in the Union. It has a flat top and comes to a point. It extends from one end to the other on both sides, and is corrugated all over with mountains where there are no plains. Where there are plains there are no mountains, but occasionally there are rivers. Most of these run under ground in order to keep cool and not spoil the scenery. In the summer it is so hot that the rivers have to run under ground to keep from drying up. Maybe there are dried up, but when they run under ground we don't know whether they are dried up or not.

One of these foolish rivers is the Reese river. The Reese river can be found by anyone who will dig deep enough in the Reese valley. It is a very long river, for no one knows just where it ends. Like many other things, it has been lost in the desert. It must have been lost a long time ago, because no one has ever seen it. But it is here. If you don't believe it, buy a map.

The Amargosa river is another of the foolish ones. It runs through and under the Amargosa desert. It rises in the desert and sinks immediately in the desert and crosses the desert and flows under the desert and dries up and is lost in the desert. The Amargosa river is supposed to be the longest underground river in the world. No one knows how long it is, so it is easy to suppose that. It ends in Death Valley. At least it is lost in Death Valley, and everything else which was ever lost there ended before long. Even so the Amargosa river is long. It has never been seen in Death Valley, but it is known to end there because the last time it was seen it was headed that way. Most things that are lost in the desert are credited

to Death Valley, and so the Amargosa is said to have a bitter end there. Amargosa means bitter. Don't try to find its end or your end will also be bitter. If we knew anything more about it, we would say so.

The Smokey river is another foolish river with a phoney end. It is also just as far under the ground as anyone knows. If you don't believe it, you may say so, because we can't prove it, and maybe we are liars. The Smokey river is lost in Smokey Valley. The valley has a phoney atmosphere just as the river has a phoney end. Sometimes you can look for two miles and you will think it is twenty, and sometimes you can look for twenty miles and you will think it is two. When you get this way, take another drink. Then try to walk and find out how far it is. Then you will have a phoney end like the river.

There are more foolish rivers in Nevada, but as no one knows where they are, there is no use trying to tell you. Anyhow, what's the difference. If we knew we would tell you. The rivers are a foolishness even if the government does try to put them on the map. The mountains which extend from one end to the other on both sides are not such a foolishness. They are made of gold and silver and copper and iron and lead and borax and already are giving almost as much wealth to the world as any other state in the Union. Also, they have just started to give up what they have. Already, however, there are more than forty mining towns growing up in the mountains by the foolish rivers, and all these towns have grown within the last few years. When they get a good start, look out. The foolish rivers may cover a lot of space, as nobody knows, and the gold and silver cover a lot more, as some are finding out. Nevada is not all such a foolishness by a damn sight. There are no dam sights on the foolish rivers, because there is no water to run over the dams.

**Is Your
Money
Going into
the Ground**

Is your money going into the ground? Do you know what is becoming of the hard cash which you have paid for your copper stock? Have you the detailed information concerning the company in which you hold securities to enable you to

rest easily with the consciousness that your money is being well spent? You know as an investor that you bought treasury stock and that the money which you produced for it is money with which your mine is to be developed. Are you certain that your money is being spent in that way? If you are, then you have no need to read further in this page. If you are not, this is the page in this book which you will be most interested to read.

All of the money that is being spent today for treasury stock in Greenwater copper mines is not going into the ground. All of it should, and all that has been given into the treasury of honest companies is being used in that way. At least each honest company will use as much of it in that way as possible, deducting only the legitimate expenses of the company, but there are many companies in the Greenwater district who are stock selling devices calculated to get the easy dollars of the investing public, and these companies are not spending the money received for treasury stock to develop a mine. They have no intention of ever developing a mine. Their plan is to sell stock, make money for themselves in that way, and then hike to new fields where their tricks will not follow to revert upon their own crooked heads. We wish to warn our readers against these snide concerns as insistently as we can, and we are laboring to keep you posted on the various companies that are legitimate concerns and how they are spending

your money. That is what we are here for. In what follows you will find the best information which we can give you. These reports are not paid for, are not solicited. They are **OUR** reports of the Greenwater mines gotten up for you. You paid us for this work by sending us your subscription and giving us your confidence. If we make a mistake in these reports, it is a mistake of judgment and not made with malice aforethought. We have banked our reputation on this report, and we stand by what we say. We simply ask, is your money going into the ground?

Greenwater Death Valley Copper Mines and Smelting Company.—Known as the Schwab Merger Company. Capitalized at \$25,000,000. Largely controlled by Charles M. Schwab, John Brock and Donald B. Gillies. Comprises properties originally known as The Greenwater Death Valley Copper Mining Company, The United Greenwater Copper Company, Brock Syndicate, El Capitan, and Revenue Group. Properties are among the very best locations and have some of the finest showings in the Greenwater district.

Development is progressing rapidly under the management of Jerry Rourke, a well-known mining man from Butte, Mont. Four hoists have already been installed, and the shafts on these claims are down from 110 to 300 feet, as follows: Copper Glance No. 2, 200 feet; Copper Queen No. 3, 300 feet; Copper Queen No. 2, 275 feet; Copper Glance No. 5, 110 feet. Two more twenty-five horse-power hoists have been ordered for more than a month, and are daily expected to arrive. These will be installed at once on the Wanda and Black Jack shafts. These shafts were originally on the United Greenwater property. They have been sunk to a depth of 80 feet, which is as far as could conveniently be done by the use of a wind-

lass hoist. This will make six shafts on the company property in active operation. Each one of these shafts is working three shifts.

On the Copper Glance No. 2, the vein was cut at 80 feet. Twelve feet of ore averaging 14 per cent copper, \$3.80 in gold and 8 ounces of silver was cut. Queen No. 3 is at the junction of the Copper Queen and Copper Glance veins. This is a three compartment shaft, with a 50 horse-power hoist installed. High-grade copper ore has been encountered in large quantities. Queen No. 2 has cut twenty-two feet of ore averaging 10 per cent, and as yet no wall has been encountered. Indications on Glance No. 5, on the Wanda and Black Jack, are of the best.

The company has selected the site and started work upon a \$2,000,000 smelter at Ash Meadows, the nearest available site to Greenwater where sufficient water and other necessities may be obtained. A machine shop has also been installed at the central shaft, and is in operation. A sawmill is being installed to frame timbers for the mines. The best equipped assay office in the Greenwater district is now in process of construction by the company. Money is being spent in large quantities for development and under able management is obtaining remarkable results.

In addition to its other activities, the company is boring a well for water in the flat below its mines. The well has been sunk to a depth of 900 feet at considerable expense, and the men in charge of the work expect to strike water within 100 feet more.

Gladstone Greenwater Copper Development Company.—Property owned by C. E. Blount and A. J. Messer. It is situated about one and one-half miles from Kunze, on the Death Valley slope. Originally bonded to Butte and Tonopah capitalists. Develop-

ment was begun under superintendent R. A. Tally. A tunnel was driven to a distance of 300 feet, but no ledge cut. Work at present suspended on account of lapsing of the bond. Effort is being made to arrange the business matters and work will probably be continued later.

Greenwater Copper Mining Company.—Ground is located South of Greenwater and beyond the Saratoga and Red Boy mines. The company is controlled by local capital, and the promoting is being done by the Greenwater Brokerage Company. Arthur Kunze is president of the company. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 40 feet and another contract for a shaft 100 feet deep has been let. Surface indications are very good, the claims being cut by a large dyke which has croppings in oxides and gossan. Stock is listed at 75 cents. The company is capitalized at 1,500,000 shares at a par value of \$1.00.

Furnace Creek Copper Company.—Company is stopping ore preparatory to shipping. The ore will be hauled from the town of Furnace by freighters returning to Amargosa, and from there will be shipped to the smelter over the Clark railroad. Ore that averages over 12 per cent only can be shipped with profit by this method. The shafts in the Furnace Creek Copper mine are now below the 500 foot level, and two crosscuts have been made. The vein was caught on the 250-foot level and on the 500-foot level. Patrick Clark, of New York, is the main wheel in this company. Butte capital also is interested. Stock is listed on the New York exchange.

Greenwater Saratoga Copper Company.—This mine is about one and one-half miles south of Greenwater.

Ground has good surface indications, the veins pitching to the south. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 230 feet, and a gasoline hoist has been at work for some months developing this mine. Two feet of ore was encountered that averaged in assays from 5 to 10 per cent in copper, showing carbonates of copper and some glance. Two shifts of men are now employed under the direction of F. N. Fletcher. The stock is being sold and the mine promoted by the D. Mackenzie Brokerage Company of Goldfield. Stock is listed at 60 cents.

Greenwater Red Boy Copper Company.—This company has ground located adjoining the Saratoga mine and in other respects is a twin to the Saratoga. The same capital controls the Red Boy that is promoting the Saratoga. The shaft has been sunk to an equal depth as on the Saratoga, and F. N. Fletcher is manager of the works. D. Mackenzie Brokerage Co. are promoting the company. The indications in the Red Boy are about the same that they are in the Saratoga, but the formations are somewhat different. The veins pitch eastward instead of south, and the ore occurs in stringers and bunches. On this, as on the Saratoga, three shifts of men, thirty in number, will be employed as soon as an air pipe, which is now on its way to Greenwater, can be installed.

The Clark Copper Company.—Ground located above the town of Furnace and near the Furnace Creek Co. Controlled by J. Ross Clark and L. H. Percy of Los Angeles. Development work on one shaft in progress. Indications for a mine are good. James Casey is manager of the workings.

Kempland Copper Company.—This mine is located above the Clark Copper Co. on the Death Valley

slope of the Funeral range. A tunnel has been driven into the side to a depth of nearly 400 feet, and the ledge was caught on a crosscut 250 feet below the surface. The company states that it will be ready to ship ore before very long. This company is controlled by the same interests that control the Clark Copper Company.

The Greenwater Black Jack Copper Company.—Located just above and west of Greenwater near the Schwab mine. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 80 feet. Ten men are employed on the work of developing this mine under the management of T. J. McDonald. The Mohawk Leasing and Development Company of Goldfield are promoting the mine. Ground has an exceptional location.

Buster Brown Group.—Ground in litigation. Company has not been formed. A shaft under direction of George Badgett has been sunk to a depth of 120 feet and another contract for one hundred feet has been let. Ground is well located adjoining the Schwab mine and is west of Greenwater.

Butte-Greenwater Copper Company.—Company being promoted by Taylor & Griffiths of Rhyolite. Wallace Corbett is superintendent of the company. Development work has commenced. Ground is located south of the Schwab mine. Stock listed at 50 cents.

Hank Knight Group.—Property located about half a mile south of Kunze. Copper Glance and Copper Queen veins of The Greenwater Death Valley Company are supposed to cut this property. A gasoline hoist is installed and a shaft is already down for more than 100 feet. The property is controlled by Rodger Knox of Tonopah and is managed by George Bad-

gett, known as one of the most efficient miners in the district. Work is progressing steadily and indications are of the best.

Furnace Valley Company.—Ground located west of Furnace two miles. Company being promoted by Off-McGarvin & Brown of Los Angeles. Richey manager of mine. Development work in progress. Good indications and a chance for a mine.

Furnace Creek South Extension Copper Company.—Ground located south of the Furnace Creek Company near the town of Furnace. Company owned and controlled by The L. M. Sullivan Trust Co., of Goldfield. Development work has not commenced as yet. May make a mine if developed.

Copper Sulphite Company.—Stock sold and company being promoted by The L. M. Sullivan Trust Co. Development work not yet commenced. Ground located near the town of Furnace.

East Greenwater Copper Company.—Located at East Greenwater, seven miles from Greenwater proper. Fifteen claims controlled by Almeyer of Goldfield and Butte, Mont., capital. Surface indications are exceptional. The ground was located in 1905 and prospected and partly developed for gold. Ore running as high as \$600 per ton was taken out, but the ledge pinched. Copper assays from picked surface croppings showed as high as 70 per cent. Roger and Charles Knox, of Tonopah, are the owners of the claims. Development work in progress. Indications are that the East Greenwater district will rival the original district. The porphyry formation in which the copper occurs is taken by experts as the best pos-

sible prospects for a permanent mine. Sulphite has been encountered in this district at a depth of 20 feet.

The Greenwater Vindicator Copper Company.—Property located at East Greenwater, adjoining the East Greenwater Company. Property consists of eight claims and nine fractions. An old shaft 60 feet deep is on the property, and a new one will be sunk immediately by the company promoting the property. Of this company, J. F. A. Strong of Greenwater is president; Ewald Kunze, vice-president; Tom Gardner, secretary; and Herbert Gee, treasurer. The company is capitalized at 1,500,000 shares. Greenwater Brokerage Company are fiscal agents.

Ramsey Consolidated Copper Company.—Also located at East Greenwater. No work has been done to show up this property. Company controlled by L. A. Parkhurst and Donald B. Gillies of Tonopah.

South Greenwater Copper Company.—Ground located at South Greenwater, 15 miles from Greenwater. This company has the best claims in this district and has started three shafts to develop the property. Water is on the ground at Miller Springs. John S. Hills of New York is president; Malcom Smith, vice-president; R. C. Moore, secretary and treasurer; and Senator T. L. Oddie and Roger C. Knox, directors. Stock listed at \$1.00 par. Company capitalized at \$1,500,000. This company is working with a will to develop their mine. A hoist has been purchased and is on its way to the mine.

Greenwater Arcturus Copper Company.—Located at Willow Creek, 15 miles south of Greenwater and on the Death Valley slope of the mountains. Company

is controlled by Tonopah capitalists and Senator T. L. Oddie is president. The company is actively developing the property and have a force of men at work. Indications for a good mine are excellent.

Wild Cat Concerns.—We list these here because we don't wish our readers to go astray on them. As far as we can discover, they have either no ground or ground that is too worthless to ever produce a mine. These are: Greenwater Death Valley Mining Company, promoted by the C. M. Sumner Investment Co. of Los Angeles. Alleges to have two claims near the Schwab mine and the Furnace Creek mine, but alleged claims cannot be found on any map of this district, nor can we ascertain any information about them.

The Greenwater Consolidated Mining Company alleges to have 200 acres of copper bearing land in this district, but we are reasonably certain that all of their fruit will come from outside investors who will buy the cheap stock offered by this company.

The Guggenheim-Greenwater Copper Company. Alleges to have claims at Willow Creek. See fuller details about this concern in pages of this issue.

The Boston-Greenwater Copper Company. Has some worthless fractions near the town of Furnace. This is the concern with which Dr. J. Grant Lyman made his fame. As soon as we can locate others of the above class, we will list them here.



A German proverb has it that "Idleness is the beginning of vice." In this country idleness is apt to be the beginning of a job unless the idler is good at dodging work.

**Copper
Companies,
Good and Bad**

The tremendous area over which the copper deposits in the Funeral range are spread has afforded opportunity to nearly all the large copper miners in this country to acquire good ground in the Greenwater District. Some of the companies or-

ganized and whose stock is offered to the public have ground in the district that is not very valuable from a point of location, and they have done nothing to find out whether they have copper on their land. On the other hand, nearly all of the large moneyed interests who have acquired ground are employing men in development work. In the following list of companies we have such information as we give about them from observation, and will vouch for it. About some we know nothing and a blank following their names will indicate this. This list will appear in each issue of The Chuck-Walla, revised to keep pace with the progress of all the listed concerns:

Anaconda Consolidated Copper Co., of Greenwater.
Brock Syndicate Group.—Merger company.

Butte & Greenwater Copper Co.—Good ground.
Working.

Consolidated Greenwater Copper Mining Co.
Copper Oxide Co.

Copper Sulphite Co.—Sullivan.

Clark Copper Co.—Working.

Furnace Creek Copper Co.—Patsy Clark. Preparing to ship ore.

Furnace Creek Extension.—Heinze.

Furnace Creek South Extension.—Sullivan, work suspended.

Furnace Creek Copper Oxide Co.—Cleary, manager.

Furnace Valley Co.—Good location. Working.

Gladstone Greenwater Copper Development Co.—
Butte interests. Suspended.

Greenwater Arcturus Copper Co.—T. L. Oddie,
Pres. Located at Willow Creek. Working.

Greenwater Bimetallic Copper Co.

Greenwater Calumet Copper Co.

Greenwater Consolidated Copper Co.

Greenwater Copper Mining Co.—Arthur Kunze,
Pres. Good ground, working.

Greenwater Consolidated.

Greenwater Copper Helmet Co.

Greenwater Black Jack Copper Co.—Good location.
Working.

Greenwater Central Copper Co.—Good location at
Kunze townsite. Baltimore syndicate.

Greenwater Death Valley Copper Co.—In Schwab
merger, sinking five shafts.

Greenwater Ely Consolidated Copper Co.

Greenwater El Capitan Copper Co.—In merger.

Greenwater Furnace Valley Copper Co.—Working,
good showing.

Greenwater Pay Copper Co.—Good location.

Greenwater Red Boy Copper Co.—Good showing,
working.

Greenwater Superior Copper Mining Co.

Greenwater Saratoga Copper Co.—Adjoins Red
Boy, working.

Greenwater Vindicator Copper Co.—Good ground.

Greenwater Chuck-Walla Copper Co.—Newly or-
ganized, good ground.

Kempland Copper Co.—Working, good showing.

Knox Group.—Working, good ground.

Kunze Consolidated.—Company suspended.

Montana Furnace Creek Copper Co.

Pittsburg Greenwater Copper Co.—Ground 25 miles
south of Greenwater, working with good indications.

Revenue Group.—In merger company.

South Greenwater Copper Co.—Working, good indications.

United Greenwater Copper Co.—In merger company.



On the desert it were better to be a corpse than a dead one.

Let not the fire of your enthusiasm outshine the light of common sense.

Don't be discouraged. A jackass is of more use than a wise man on the desert.

On the desert, when a man has found a good mine, he immediately begins to look for another.

A good man, like a good ledge, may pinch out. Better stop now and then to have an assay made.

The burro's soliloquy when his master has gone back to civilization: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

An old adage says that brevity is the soul of wit. The Chuck-Walla insists that levity is the soul of wit.

On the desert what a man wants is not always what he gets, but as a rule what he gets he wants; always supposing that the man is straight.

The Greenwater Times

BROWN & REBER, Publishers
Greenwater, Inyo Co., Cal.



Was the first established newspaper at Greenwater. It gives all the news in a truthful, reliable manner about the **Great Copper District** in the **Funeral Mountains**. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** One year, \$5.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$2.00. Single copy, 10 cents.

GREENWATER

IS THE COMING CITY OF THE
GREAT NEVADA AND DEATH VALLEY MINERAL BELT

It lies in the heart of the marvelous Funeral range mountains, in which have been located the largest copper, borax and niter deposits known to man, deposits that in dollars mount into **BILLIONS**.

Railroads, three in number, are now building to GREENWATER:

A \$5,000,000 water supply system is now being built for Greenwater.

The Schwab merger copper mine, the largest individual mine in the entire Nevada Death Valley mining district, capitalized at \$25,000,000, is located within a stone's throw from the heart of Greenwater.

This Merger Corporation also has planned a \$2,000,000 smelter near Greenwater, upon which work will commence immediately and to which the copper ores from the Greenwater district and the gold ores from other districts will be sent.

A telephone line and a telegraph line are now in operation at Greenwater, and other lines are building to the city. The town has already a population of two thousand and is striding forward ahead of all competitors.

BUT WHAT ABOUT REAL ESTATE?

Since the first of December lots have doubled in value. This is due to the fact that there is no question whatever about the permanency and future of the place. Greenwater is destined to be the richest mineral producing city on the whole globe. City lots at Greenwater are now the best conservative investment you can find. Come and see for yourself or write for information about town lots to

EDWARDS & BARLOW

AGENTS FOR

The Greenwater Townsite Company, Greenwater, Cal.

The South Greenwater Copper Company

Is one of the best of the many good companies situated in the great Greenwater Copper District. If you are interested in making money; if you are interested in any kind of investments, great or small; if you are interested in mines, and more particularly copper mines, read this statement through. If you wish to do so, investigate the facts as stated here, and you will agree with us that THE SOUTH GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY is one of the best and safest investments into which you can put your money. It will cost you nothing to read. Try it. Eastern stock manipulators have been of late conducting a concentrated attack on the Greenwater District in an effort to run the stocks down in order that they may buy into these good investments at a reduced figure. This very depression in some of the companies is taken by men on the inside as an indication that more eastern capital is coming in to develop the mines of the district. THE SOUTH GREENWATER COPPER COMPANY does not wish to sell a controlling interest to any of these men. It is already financed sufficiently to proceed with its development.

Men like Charles Schwab, August Heinze, Patsy Clark, W. A. Clark, John Brock, Donald Gillies and

many others who have made their fortunes in mines and whose judgment seldom fails, are interested in the district and are buying and developing mines here with their money. This should convince the most skeptical that there is copper in Greenwater. Now for the South Greenwater Copper Company and its property.

WE HAVE THIS TO SAY.

The company owns and has a clear title to sixteen claims covering an area of about 250 acres fifteen miles southeast of Greenwater, near Rattlesnake Point. The surveys of the three railroads building into Greenwater run within two miles of the property. The Tonopah and Tidewater, or Borax Smith line, will reach the property of The South Greenwater probably sometime in May of this year. At present the railroad company has a freighting line which passes within one mile of the South Greenwater property.

DEVELOPMENT WORK AND SHOWINGS.

For three months a force of men has been employed on the company's property. Three shafts have been started and are all sinking. Two rich veins outcrop. One of these is a true fissure vein seven feet wide. At a depth of only ten feet sulphide ore was taken from the shaft on this vein. No better indications as to the richness and permanency of the deposit could be had. From the work thus far done, it appears that the two outcropping veins are feeders to the main

vein, which has a course of north 43 degrees east, and on the surface is forty feet wide. Along the foot-wall of this main vein a galena lead pay streak six inches wide, and carrying almost pure lead, has been discovered. Experts have pronounced the showings the best of any mine in the district at the same stage of development. This development is progressing rapidly. A hoist and other machinery are being installed, and under the management of Malcolm Smith, whose reputation as a capable mining man is well known, every dollar which is expended in the development is bringing results.

The directorate of the company is one of the strongest in the entire district. It may be had upon application. The company is capitalized at \$1,500,000, with shares at a par value of one dollar each. These shares are now selling at par. The initial offering of treasury stock is 500,000 shares. A large proportion of this has been sold. The purchasers are men of means and ability, and their interest in the company is an evidence of worth. These names will be sent on application. Subscriptions for any part of the remaining treasury stock will be received by John S. Hills of Tonopah, Nev., or by The Mining Advertising Agency at Greenwater, Cal. Write to us for further information.

The Mining Advertising Agency

Greenwater, California.

DEATH

Valley is the richest unlocked treasure vault of the world. It is being conquered by man, and has already been shorn of many of the terrors with which its name and that of the

FUNERAL

Mountains have been identified for so long. The outlook in the Greenwater Mining District is by no means as melancholy as the nomenclature of the surrounding country. It will become the greatest copper camp of them all. It will be

YOUR FUNERAL

if you fail to invest in the new "Patsy" Clark townsite, situate on the property of the Furnace Creek Copper Company (the oldest and deepest mine in the camp), in the very heart of the Greenwater district.

FURNACE

is the coming metropolis of the Greenwater-Death Valley district, because :

**It is entirely surrounded by good mines;
The miners employed in these mines
make it their home;
Its payroll, even now is greater than
that of the rest of the Greenwater
district combined.**

Prices and full information upon application.

**SIDNEY NORMAN, AGENT,
Furnace Townsite Co., Furnace, Cal.**

Address all communications "via Greenwater."

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WE will show you how to make money by acquiring this habit. Any young person who wishes to acquire The Chuck-Walla Habit and some of our easy desert dollars will do well to ask us for particulars. Send us your name and address on a postal card, or ask about **"THE CHUCK-WALLA HABIT"** and see what happens. Address

The Mining Advertising Agency
Greenwater, California

YOU ARE INTERESTED

In making money. Everyone is interested in making money. Even the United States Government is interested in making money. It uses five mints and several thousand men, and makes most of its money out of either

GOLD, SILVER OR COPPER.

You can make money out of the same materials, but in a different way. If you want to keep in a position to make money out of gold, silver or copper when the opportunity offers, you must keep posted on the mines where these are produced. Then you will know when and where to invest.

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

Will keep you posted so that you may know when and where to invest. It is a magazine for men, on the desert, of the desert and for the desert. It tells the truth about the desert mines. It is an invaluable guide and a good thing to read. It only costs \$1.50 a year. It is published twice each month. For six months it costs \$1.00. Send us the money and your address.

THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA, Greenwater, California.

Enclosed find \$1.50 for which please send THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA to my address for one year.

Name

Street

Town

State

The Kunze Investment Company

I N C O R P O R A T E D

We were the original locators of the Greenwater Copper District and the first to induce capital to take up the work of developing this phenomenal copper deposit in the Funeral Range.

We are thoroughly familiar with the Nevada mineral belt and the mineral locations in and around Death Valley and the Funeral mountains and have prospectors and mining experts at work in locating new deposits of wealth in this desert country.

Prospectors who have made a new strike can secure our assistance in placing their properties before the public. We will help you realize on your discovery.

Capitalists seeking for the best investments in mineral ground will find it to their advantage to communicate with us. Make our offices your headquarters while in Greenwater.

ARTHUR KUNZE,		President
EWALD KUNZE,		Manager
MAX KUNZE,		Engineer

THE KUNZE INVESTMENT COMPANY

CAPITAL STOCK, \$200,000

GREENWATER. - - - - CALIFORNIA

L U M B E R

Is the great difficulty that baffles the builders of Mines and Mining Towns in the Nevada Desert.

20-MULE TEAM LUMBER FREIGHTERS

Are employed by the Tonopah Lumber Company to overcome the lumber difficulty in Nevada and these freighters have become as famous as the original borax wagons of **DEATH VALLEY**.

The Tonopah Lumber Co. has established a large lumber supply yard at Greenwater at the brink of Death Valley. It has yards in all the mining towns and camps from Tonopah to the Funeral Range, and supplies everything necessary for building mining towns or mines. We will give you an estimate on anything you want in the line of lumber.

THE TONOPAH LUMBER COMPANY

Main Offices and Yards: Tonopah, Goldfield, Manhattan, Greenwater

D R U G S

Prospectors should secure a supply fresh from our store before venturing into **DEATH VALLEY**

The Greenwater Drug Company

has the only drug store in the **Funeral Range**

Cigars and Tobaccos of finest grade. Fancy Cigarettes and Smokers' Supplies.

The Fact is we have hundreds of necessities that you will want for your comfort, whether at home or out in the wilds prospecting. Call at our store and visit if you don't want to buy.

THE GREENWATER DRUG COMPANY

Licensed Pharmacists and Druggists

DR. E. R. BROOKS, Proprietors **Greenwater, California**
ELMER TRACY

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The **DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA** tells more truths to more people in more localities of the United States than any other periodical published in the desert. Our policy of "the truth at all times" applies to our advertisements as well as to our regular reading pages. We will use every effort to assure ourselves of the truth of statements made by our advertisers, and if the proposition submitted is not what it claims it will be denied our space. Wildcats and liars need not apply. To those who are honest, and of whose honesty we are convinced, we guarantee better results than any other medium published on the desert. We are able to do this because we have labored to make the **CHUCK-WALLA** the medium of truth which it is, and a place in its pages is a guarantee of that truth. More than a thousand brokers and members of the various stock exchanges get the **CHUCK-WALLA** each issue. Nine thousand others read what it has to say. We reach the right people in the right way. If you are honest you may convince yourselves of the truth of these statements. If you are crooked, all the money you may command cannot help you with us.

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